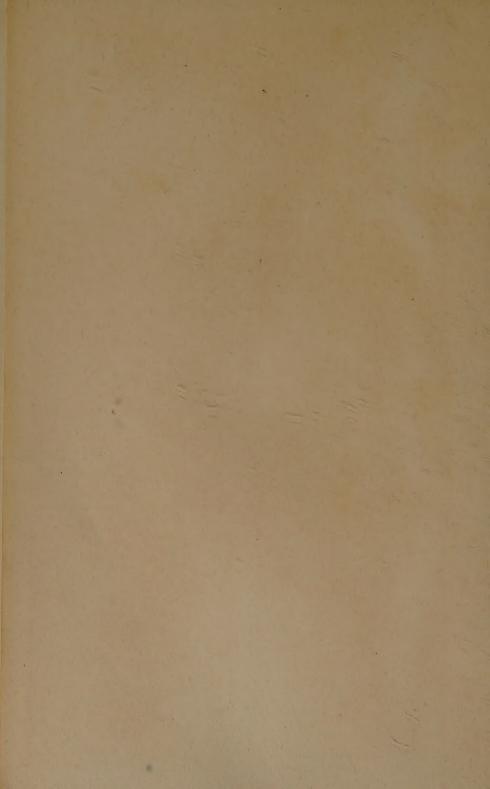
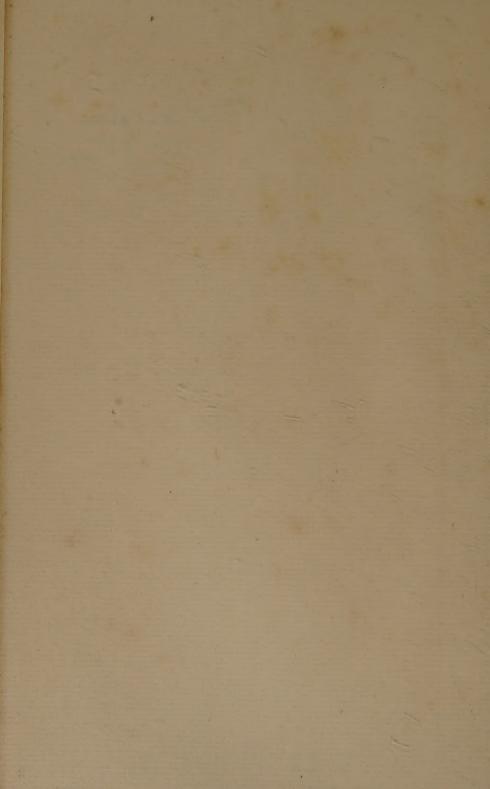
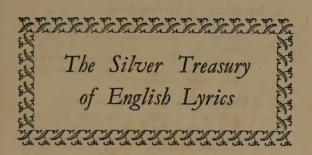


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To M.A.M.
with Best Wises
Nov. 1925
W.A.C.





OTHER WORKS by T. EARLE WELBY

I. Swinburne: A Critical Study.

Athenœum: "Good judgment, excellent taste, lucidity . . . phrases and passages of rare insight."

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The Silver Treasury English Lyrics

Edited by
T. Earle Welby



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DEDICATION

THIS Anthology owes its general character to one who, during the last weeks of her life with me, would put aside her sufferings to discuss its making. She was no very frequent reader of printed poetry; but her response to the whole poetical element in the world was instant and eager, her sense of style in life infallible and exquisite. She was of those women who, guarding and constantly exemplifying the poetry of life, make possible the poetry in books. To her I offer my humble part in this volume.

T. E. W.



Introduction

THOUGH my title may seem to suggest it, this is not a collection of the second-best of our poetry. It is a collection of the best, so far as that is not already

available in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury."

Palgrave is never to be mentioned without cordial respect and gratitude; but it would be carrying piety too far to assume that he exhausted the best of our poetry, leaving to the editor of such a book as this only material of a secondary order of merit. As a matter of fact, while too hospitable to certain writers, Palgrave entirely ignored several poets of distinction, and seriously under-represented several others. But I deprecate endeavours to supersede his book. The large general anthology, giving us yet again the text of poems available in Palgrave and a score of other editors, is now a superfluity. What, it seems to me, is needed is an anthology supplementing Palgrave. Such an anthology I have here attempted to provide.

In making my choice from the great wealth of English poetry, I have asked myself only two questions: Is this poem, in its own sort, of rare excellence? Is it

in Palgrave?

Novelty I have neither sought nor shunned. It so happens that my book contains several poems seldom if ever printed in a general anthology, but I do not press these on the reader. My hope is, simply, that the possessor of Palgrave and of this book may feel he has as much of the best of English lyrical poetry as can be put between the covers of two small volumes.

I am not concerned to explain by what tests I have determined the quality of the poems chosen. may say that I have totally disregarded historical considerations. Why, asked Southey a hundred years ago, is Pomfret the most popular of English poets? It was a question of interest to the student of literary fashions, but beneath the notice of the critic. What matters to us, who care for poetry, is not that Pomfret was once very generally valued as a poet, but that he was not a poet. To thrust bad verse into an anthology because it was once esteemed, because it illustrates the temper of the age in which it was produced, is to reduce an anthology to an exhibition of the changing follies of our people. Fine poetry is fine poetry, whether it has had recognition from the moment of its production or been utterly neglected till a critic or anthologist of a later generation secures it its due. Spurious poetry was not less spurious when it was admired than when it fell into contempt. And, in regard to the several works of a genuine and acknowledged poet, his best is his best whether it be officially accepted as such or not. That, for example, Raleigh's "The Wood, the Weed, the Wag," has been passed over by anthologists, and seems to be unknown to some tolerably wellread persons, is neither here nor there. What is to the point is that it is a thing unmatched in its sort until Mr. A. E. Housman wrote some of his finest poems. But enough of this. I wish only to say that the anthologist should neither bow to authority when he differs from it nor flout authority to make a show of his independence.

My chronological limits are, roughly, Palgrave's. Little has been taken from our earliest poetry, nothing from our ballad poetry, because I have felt obliged to keep to much the same ground as Palgrave. Long poems have generally been excluded, but since Pal-

grave gave very little of Christopher Smart's "Song to David," I have printed it almost in full. I have also given one piece already in Palgrave, that beautiful anticipation of Herrick which mysteriously remains undervalued though millions must have read it in

"The Golden Treasury."

Strictly lyrical pieces predominate, but I have not hesitated to include poems and passages which have no obvious lyrical quality, but which, in the context here chosen for them, seemed to contribute something essential to my scheme; and I ask that every piece in these pages be judged, not separately, but in relation to the volume as a whole.

T. EARLE WELBY.



THE STRANGER

A STRANGER here, as all my fathers were That went before, I wander to and fro; From earth to heaven is my pilgrimage, A tedious way for flesh and blood to go. O Thou, that art the way, pity the blind, And teach me how I may Thy dwelling find.

John Amner, 1615.

BIRTH

MY mother groaned, my father wept, Into the dangerous world I leapt; Helpless, naked, piping loud, Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands, Striving against my swaddling-bands, Bound and weary, I thought best To sulk upon my mother's breast.

The Angel that presided o'er my birth Said, "Little creature, formed of joy and mirth, Go, love without the help of anything on earth."

William Blake.

A CRADLE SONG

SWEET dreams, form a shade O'er my lovely infant's head; Sweet dreams of pleasant streams By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down Weave thy brows an infant crown, Sweet sleep, Angel mild, Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night Hover over my delight; Sweet smiles, mother's smiles, All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs, Chase not slumber from thy eyes. Sweet moans, sweeter smiles, All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child, All creation slept and smiled; Sleep, sleep, happy sleep, While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face Holy image I can trace. Sweet babe, once like thee, Thy Maker lay and wept for me,

Wept for me, for thee, for all, When He was an infant small. Thou His image ever see, Heavenly face that smiles on thee, Smiles on thee, on me, on all; Who became an infant small. Infant smiles are His own smiles; Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

William Blake.

ON A CHILD JUST BEGINNING TO TALK

Rocking a word in mouth yet undefiled. The tender racket rudely plays the sound, Which, weakly bandied, cannot back rebound, And the soft air the softer roof doth kiss, With a sweet dying and a pretty miss, Which hears no answer yet from the white rank Of teeth not risen from their coral bank. The alphabet is searched for letters soft To try a word before it can be wrought; And, when it slideth forth, it goes as nice As when a man doth walk upon the ice.

The Rev. Thomas Bastard, 1586.

UPON A LADY THAT DIED IN CHILD-BED, AND LEFT A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER

As gillyflowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away;
So you, sweet Lady, sweet as May,
The garden's glory lived a while,
To lend the world your scent and smile.
But when your own fair print was set
Once in a virgin Flosculet,
Sweet as yourself, and newly blown,
To give that life, resigned your own:
But so as still the mother's power
Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

Robert Herrick.

ON HIS CHILD

(The subject also of Lamb's "On an Infant Dying as soon as Born")

LITTLE eyes that scarce did see, Little lips that never smiled; Alas! my little dear dead child, Death is thy father, and not me, I but embraced thee, soon as he.

Thomas Hood.

CHILD OF A DAY

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not The tears that overflow thine urn, The gushing eyes that read thy lot, Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!

And why the wish? the pure and blest Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep. O peaceful night! O envied rest! Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

Walter Savage Landor.

THE DYING CHILD

HE could not die when trees were green, For he loved the time too well. His little hands, when flowers were seen, Were held for the bluebell, As he was carried o'er the green.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee; He knew those children of the Spring: When he was well and on the lea He held one in his hands to sing, Which filled his heart with glee.

Infants, the children of the Spring! How can an infant die When butterflies are on the wing, Green grass, and such a sky? How can they die at Spring?

He held his hands for daisies white, And then for violets blue, And took them all to bed at night That in the green fields grew, As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes, And flowers would notice not; Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise, He now no blossoms got: They met with plaintive sighs.

When Winter came and blasts did sigh, And bare were plain and tree, As he for ease in bed did lie His soul seemed with the free, He died so quietly.

John Clare.

TO HARTLEY COLERIDGE, SIX YEARS OLD

THOU! whose fancies from afar are brought; Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel, And fittest to unutterable thought The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol: Thou faery voyager! that dost float In such clear water, that thy boat May rather seem To brood on air than on an earthly stream; Suspended in a stream as clear as sky, Where earth and heaven do make one imagery; O blessed vision! happy child! Thou art so exquisitely wild, I think of thee with many fears For what may be thy lot in future years. I thought of times when Pain might be thy

guest,

Lord of thy house and hospitality; And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest But when she sate within the touch of thee.

O too industrious folly! O vain and causeless melancholy! Nature will either end thee quite;

Or, lengthening out thy season of delight, Preserve for thee, by individual right,

A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow, Or the injuries of to-morrow?

Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth.

Ill-fitted to sustain unkindly shocks, Or to be trailed along the soiled earth: A gem that glitters while it lives, And no forewarning gives; But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife, Slips in a moment out of life.

William Wordsworth.

LONG TIME A CHILD

L'Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I,—
For yet I lived like one not born to die;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep, and waking,
I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,
For I have lost the race I never ran:
A rathe December blights my lagging May;
And still I am a child, though I be old,
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

Hartley Coleridge.

TO THE YOUNGER LADY LUCY SYDNEY

WHY came I so untimely forth Into a world which wanting thee Could entertain us with no worth, Or shadow of felicity? That time should me so far remove From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom, do not slight
That eye which you may know so soon!
The rosy morn resigns her light
And milder splendours to the noon:
If such thy dawning beauty's power,
Who shall abide its noon-tide hour?

Edmund Waller.

YOUNG LOVE

NOW then love me: Time may take Thee before thy time away; Of this need we'll virtue make, And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful Fate, And if good she to us meant, We that good shall antedate, Or if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus as kingdoms, frustrating Other titles to their crown, In the cradle crown their King, So all foreign claims to drown;

So, to make all rivals vain, Now I crown thee with my love: Crown me with thy love again, And we both shall monarchs prove.

Andrew Marvell.

APRIL LOVE

WHEN the nyghtegale singes, the wodes waxen grene,

Lef and gras and blosme springes in Averyl, I

wene;

And love is to myn herte gon with one spere so kene, Nyht and day my blod it drynkes, myn herte doth to tene.

I have loved al this yer, that I may love no more, I have siked many syk, leman, for thine ore 1; Me nis love never the ner, and that me reweth sore; Suete leman, think on me, I have loved thee yore.2

Suete leman, I preye thee of love one speche; While I live in world so wyde other nulle I seche. With thy love, my suete leof, my blis thou mihtes eche;

A suete kiss of thy mouth mihte be my leche.

Anonymous, c. 1300.

¹ Grace.

² Long.

THE BAILEY BEARETH THE BELL AWAY

THE maidens came
When I was in my mother's bower;
I had all that I would.
The bailey beareth the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
The silver is white, red is the gold;
The robes they lay in fold.
The bailey beareth the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
And through the glass window shines the sun.
How should I love, and I so young?
The bailey beareth the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

Anonymous.

DUM FLOS NOVUS ET NOVA PUBES

LOVE in thy youth, fair maid! Be wise! Old Time will make thee colder; And though each morning new arise, Yet we each day grow older.

Thou as heaven art fair and young, Thine eyes like twin stars shining; But ere another day be sprung, All these will be declining.

Then, winter comes with all his fears, And all thy sweets shall borrow; Too late, then, wilt thou shower thy tears, And I too late shall sorrow.

From Walter Porter's "Madrigals," 1632.

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S.T.

LOVE'S POWER

HEAR, ye ladies that despise
What the mighty love has done;
Fear examples and be wise:
Fair Callisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
The chaste Moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

John Fletcher.

FAIR IS MY LOVE

FAIR is my love that feeds among the lilies,
The lilies growing in the pleasant garden
Where Cupid's Mount, that well-beloved hill, is,
And where that little God himself is Warden.
See where my love sits in the beds of spices,
Beset all round with camphor, myrrh, and roses,
And interlaced with curious devices,
Which her from all the world apart encloses.
There doth she tune her lute for her delight,
And with sweet music makes the ground to move;
Whilst I, poor I, do sit in heavy plight,
Wailing alone my unrespected love.
Not daring rush into so rare a place
That gives to her, and she to it, a grace.

Bartholomew Griffin.

FROM "DAVID AND BETHSABE"

HOT sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air, Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair; Shine sun, burn fire; breathe air, and ease me; Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me. Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning; Make not my glad cause cause of my mourning.

George Peele.

AFTER THE GREEK

MY girl, thou gazest much Upon the golden skies: Would I were heaven, I would behold Thee then with all mine eyes!

George Turbervile.

HE THAT LOOKS STILL ON YOUR EYES

HE that looks still on your eyes, Though the winter have begun To benumb our arteries, Shall not want the summer's sun.

He that still may see your cheeks, Where all rareness still reposes, Is a fool, if e'er he seeks Other lilies, other roses.

He to whom your soft lip yields, And perceives your breath in kissing, All the odours of the fields, Never, never, shall be missing.

> Welcome, welcome! do I sing, Far more welcome than the Spring; He that parteth from you never Shall enjoy a Spring for ever.

> > William Browne.

ASTROPHEL'S SONG OF PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON

FAIR in a morn, O fairest morn! Was never morn so fair, There shone a sun, though not the sun That shineth in the air. For the earth, and from the earth. Was never such a creature! Did come this face, was never face That carried such a feature ! Upon a hill, O blessed hill! Was never hill so blessed! There stood a man, was never man For woman so distressed! This man beheld a heavenly view. Which did such virtue give As clears the blind, and heals the lame, And makes the dead man live. This man had hap, O happy man! More happy none than he! For he had hap to see the hap That none had hap to see. This silly swain, and silly swains Are men of meanest grace, Had yet the grace, O gracious gift! To hap on such a face. He pity cried, and pity came, And pitied so his pain, As dying would not let him die, But gave him life again. For joy whereof he made such mirth As all the woods did ring; And Pan with all his wains came forth To hear the shepherd sing; But such a song sung never was,

Nor shall be sung again, Of Phyllida the shepherds' queen, And Corydon the swain. For Phyllis is the shepherds' queen, Was never such a queen as she! And Corydon her only swain, Was never such a swain as he! Fair Phyllis hath the fairest face That ever eye did yet behold, And Corydon the constant'st faith That ever yet kept flock in fold; Sweet Phyllis is the sweetest sweet That ever yet the earth did yield, And Corydon the kindest swain That ever yet kept lambs in field. Sweet Philomel is Phyllis' bird, Though Corydon be he that caught her, And Corydon doth hear her song, Though Phyllida be she that taught her: Poor Corydon doth keep the fields, Though Phyllida be she that owes them, And Phyllida doth walk the meads, Though Corydon be he that mows them: The little lambs are Phyllis' love, Though Corydon is he that feeds them, The gardens fair are Phyllis' ground, Though Corydon is he that weeds them. Since then that Phyllis only is The only shepherd's only queen; And Corydon the only swain That only hath her shepherd been,— Though Phyllis keep her bower of state, Shall Corydon consume away? No, shepherd, no! work out the week, And Sunday shall be holiday.

Nicholas Breton.

SATYR'S SONG FROM "THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS"

THOU divinest, fairest, brightest, Thou most powerful Maid, and whitest, Thou most virtuous and most blessed, Eyes of stars, and golden-tressèd, Like Apollo, tell me, Sweetest, What new service now is meetest For the Satyr? Shall I stray Into the middle air, and stay The sailing rack, or nimbly take Hold by the moon, and gently make Suit to the pale queen of night For a beam to give them light? Shall I dive into the sea, And bring thee coral, making way Through the rising waves that fall In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall I catch the wanton fawns, or flies Whose woven wings the summer dyes Of many colours? Get thee fruit? Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute?

John Fletcher.

PHYLLIS AND CORYDON

ON a hill there grows a flower, Fair befall the dainty sweet! By that flower there is a bower, Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair, Fringèd all about with gold, Where doth sit the fairest fair, That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phyllis fair and bright, She that is the shepherds' joy; She that Venus did despite, And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich, That the world desires to see; This is *ipsa quæ* the which There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire? Who would not this saint adore? Who would not this sight desire, Though he thought to see no more?

Oh, fair eyes! yet let me see One good look and I am gone; Look on me, for I am he, Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherds' queen, Look upon the silly swain; By thy comfort have been seen Dead men brought to life again.

Nicholas Breton.

THERE LACKETH SOMETHING STILL

FIRST MINSTREL

THE budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads are sprinkled with the yellow hue;
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
The nesh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafed, unto heaven straught,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din are brought.

The evening comes, and brings the dew along; The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne; Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song, Young ivy round the doorpost doth entwine; I lay me on the grass; yet, to my will, Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

SECOND MINSTREL

So Adam thought when once, in Paradise,
All heaven and earth did homage to his mind;
In woman only man's chief solace lies,
As instruments of joy are those of kind.
Go, take a wife unto thine arms, and see
Winter, and barren hills, will have a charm for thee.

THIRD MINSTREL

When Autumn sere and sunburnt doth appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf,
When all the hills with woody seed are white,
When lightning-fires and gleams do meet from far the
sight;

When the fair apples, red as evening sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fruitful ground,
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
Do dance in air, and call the eyes around;
Then, be the evening foul, or be it fair,
Methinks my heart's delight is mingled with some care.

SECOND MINSTREL

Angels are wrought to be of neither kind, Angels alone from hot desire are free, There is a somewhat ever in the mind, That, without woman, cannot stillèd be. No saint in cell, but, having blood and tere,¹ Doth find the sprite to joy in sight of woman fair.

Thomas Chatterton.

¹ Muscle.

THIS ONLY, VENUS, GRANT

I WISH no rich-refined Arabian gold,
Nor Orient Indian pearl, rare Nature's wonder,
No diamonds the Ægyptian surges under,
No rubies of America, dear sold,
Nor sapphires which rich Afric's sands enfold,
Treasures far distant from this Isle asunder;
Barbarian ivories in contempt I hold.
But only this, this only, Venus, grant—
That I my sweet Parthenope may get.
Her hairs no grace or golden tires want,
Pure pearls with perfect rubines are inset,
True diamonds in eyes, sapphires in veins,
Nor can I that soft ivory skin forget:
England, in one small subject, such contains.

Barnabe Barnes.

WHEN, DEAREST, I BUT THINK OF THEE

WHEN, dearest, I but think of thee, Methinks all things that lovely be Are present, and my soul delighted; For beauties that from worth arise Are like the grace of deities, Still present with us, tho' unsighted.

Thus while I sit and sigh the day
With all his borrowed lights away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves No absence can subsist with loves That do partake of fair perfection; Since in the darkest night they may By love's quick motion find a way To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont that hath stood
Far from the main up in the river:
O think not then but love can do
As much! for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever!

Sir John Suckling

AMETAS AND THESTYLIS MAKING HAY-ROPES

AMETAS

THINK'ST thou that this love can stand, Whilst thou still dost say me nay? Love unpaid does soon disband: Love binds love as hay binds hay.

THESTYLIS

Think'st thou that this rope would twine, If we both should turn one way? Where both parties so combine, Neither love will twist nor hay.

AMETAS

Thus you vain excuses find, Which yourself and us delay; And love ties a woman's mind Looser than with ropes of hay.

THESTYLIS

What you cannot constant hope Must be taken as you may.

AMETAS

Then let's both lay by our rope, And go and kiss within the hay.

Andrew Marvell.

GIVE BEAUTY ALL HER RIGHT!

GIVE beauty all her right! She's not to one form tied; Each shape yields fair delight Where her perfections bide: Helen, I grant, might pleasing be, And Rosamond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends, Some swelling lips and red; Pale looks have many friends, Through sacred sweetness bred: Meadows have flowers that pleasures move, Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime;
She visits every ground
And favours every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My sovereign is as sweet and fair.

Thomas Campion.

SONNET

MY thoughts bred up with eagle-birds of Jove, And, for their virtues I desired to know, Upon the nest I set them forth, to prove If they were of the eagle's kind or no: But they no sooner saw my sun appear, But on her rays with gazing eyes they stood; Which proved my birds delighted in the air, And that they came of this rare kingly brood. But now their plumes, full sumd with sweet desire, To show their kind began to climb the skies: Do what I could, my eaglets would aspire, Straight mounting up to thy celestial eyes. And thus, my fair, my thoughts away be flown, And from my breast into thine eyes be gone.

Michael Drayton.

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THE BEGGAR

PITY refusing my poor Love to feed,
A Beggar starved for want of help he lies,
And at your mouth, the Door of Beauty, cries,
That thence some alms of sweet grants may proceed.
But as he waiteth some almès-deed
A cheery-tree before the door he spies:
"Oh dear," quoth he, "two cherries may suffice,
Two only life may save in this my need."
"But beggars can they nought but cherries eat?"
"Pardon my Love, he is a goddess' son,
And never feedeth but on dainty meat,
Else need he not to pine as he hath done;
For only the sweet fruit of this sweet tree
Can give food to my Love, and life to me."

Henry Constable.

THE GLOVE

THOU snowy farm with thy five tenements, Tell thy white mistress here was one That called to pay his daily rents; But she a-gathering flowers and hearts is gone, And thou left void to rude possession.

But grieve not, pretty ermine cabinet, Thy alabaster lady will come home. If not, what tenant can there fit The slender turnings of thy narrow room, But must ejected be by his own doom?

Then give me leave to leave my rent with thee: Five kisses, one unto a place. For though the lute's too high for me, Yet servants, knowing minikin nor base, Are still allowed to fiddle with the case.

Richard Lovelace.

THE KNOTTING SONG

"HEARS not my Phillis how the birds Their feathered mates salute? They tell their passion in their words, Must I alone be mute?"

Phillis, without frown or smile, Sat and knotted all the while.

"The God of love in thy bright eyes Does like a tyrant reign, But in thy heart a child he lies Without his dart or flame."

Phillis, without frown or smile, Sat and knotted all the while.

"So many months in silence past, And yet in raging love, Might well deserve one word at last My passion should approve."

Phillis, without frown or smile, Sat and knotted all the while.

"Must then your faithful swain expire And not one look obtain, Which he to soothe his fond desire Might pleasingly explain?"

Phillis, without frown or smile, Sat and knotted all the while.

Sir Charles Sedley.

I WEEP AT WEAL, I LAUGH AT WOE

WHEREAT erewhile I wept, I laugh; That which I feared, I now despise; My victor once, my vassal is; My foe constrained, my weal supplies: Thus do I triumph on my foe, I weep at weal, I laugh at woe.

My care is cured, yet hath none end; Not that I want, but that I have; My chance was change, yet still I stay, I would have less, and yet I crave: Ay me, poor wretch! that thus do live, Constrained to take, yet forced to give.

She whose delights are signs of death, Who when she smiles, begins to lower, Constant in this that still she change, Her sweetest gifts time proves but sour: I live in care, crossed with her guile, Through her I weep, at her I smile!

Robert Greene.

SONG

DHILLIS, let's shun the common fate, And let our love ne'er turn to hate. I'll dote no longer than I can Without being called a faithless man; When we begin to want discourse, And kindness seems to taste of force, As freely as we met, we'll part, Each one possessed of their own heart. Thus while rash fools themselves undo. We'll game, and give off savers too; So equally the match will make, Both shall be glad to draw the stake: A smile of thine shall make my bliss, I will enjoy thee in a kiss: If from this height our kindness fall, We'll bravely scorn to love at all: If thy affection first decay, I will the blame on Nature lay. Alas, what cordial can remove The hasty fate of dying love? Thus we will all the world excel In loving, and in parting well.

Sir Charles Sedley.

RUTH

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn, Clasped by the golden light of morn, Like the sweetheart of the sun, Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush Deeply ripened;—such a blush In the midst of brown was born, Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell, Which were blackest none could tell, But long lashes veiled a light That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim, Made her tressy forehead dim; Thus she stood amid the stooks, Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean, Where I reap thou shouldst but glean: Lay thy sheath adown and come, Share my harvest and my home.

Thomas Hood.

TO ELECTRA

I DARE not ask a kiss; I dare not beg a smile; Lest having that, or this, I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share Of my desire shall be Only to kiss that air That lately kissed thee.

Robert Herrick.

TO PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS! why should we delay Pleasures shorter than the day? Could we (which we never can!) Stretch our lives beyond their span, Beauty like a shadow flies, And our youth before us dies. Or, would youth and beauty stay, Love hath wings, and will away. Love hath swifter wings than Time: Change in love to Heaven does climb; Gods, that never change their state, Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherd you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

Edmund Waller.

CÆLIA'S FALL

CÆLIA, my fairest Cælia, fell, Cælia, than the fairest fairer; Cælia, with none I must compare her, That all alone is all in all Of what we fair and modest call; Cælia, white as alabaster, Cælia, than Diana chaster; This fair, fair Cælia, grief to tell, This fair, this modest, chaste one, fell!

My Cælia, sweetest Cælia, fell,
As I have seen a snow-white dove
Decline her bosom from above,
And down her spotless body fling
Without the motion of the wing,
Till she arrest the seeming fall
Upon some happy pedestal:
So soft this sweet I love so well,
This sweet, this dove-like Cælia, fell.

Cælia, my dearest Cælia, fell, As I have seen a melting star Drop down its fire from its sphere, Rescuing so its glorious sight From that paler snuff of light: Yet is a star bright and entire, As when 'twas wrapt in all that fire: So bright this dear I love so well, This dear, this star-like Cælia fell.

And yet my Cælia did not fall As grosser earthly mortals do, But stooped, like Phœbus, to renew Her lustre by her morning rise, And dart new beauties in the skies. Like a white dove she took her flight, And like a star she shot her light: This dove, this star, so loved of all, My fair, dear, sweetest, did not fall.

But, if you'll say my Cælia fell,
Of this I'm sure, that like the dart
Of Love it was, and on my heart.—
Poor heart, alas! wounded before,
She needed not have hurt it more:
So absolute a conquest she
Had gained before of it, and me,
That neither of us have been well
Before, or since, my Cælia fell.

Charles Cotton.

ON DORINDA

DORINDA'S sparkling wit and eyes, United, cast too fierce a light, Which blazes high, but quickly dies; Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy; Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace: Her Cupid is a blackguard boy That runs his link full in your face.

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

UPON LEAVING HIS MISTRESS

'TIS not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone;
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine—
You, whom some kinder power did fashion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at least of a whole nation?

Let meaner spirits of your sex
With humble aims their thoughts perplex,
And boast if by their arts they can
Contrive to make one happy man,
While, moved by an impartial sense,
Favours, like Nature, you dispense
With universal influence.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

A DRINKING CUP

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup As Nestor used of old; Show all thy skill to trim it up, Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large that, filled with sack Up to the swelling brim, Vast toasts on the delicious lake Like ships at sea may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek, With war I've nought to do; I'm none of those that took Maestrick, Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell, Fixed stars, or constellations; For I am no Sir Sidrophel, Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine, Then add two lovely boys; Their limbs in amorous folds entwine, The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are, May Drink and Love still reign! With wine I wash away my care, And then to love again.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

THE PRAISE OF ALE

WHEN as the chill sirocco blows, And Winter tells a heavy tale, When pyes and daws and rooks and crows Sit cursing of the frosts and snows— Then give me Ale!

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then, Such as will make grimalkin prate, Bids valour burgeon in tall men, Quickens the poet's wit and pen, Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights, And frames the march of Swedish drum, Disputes with princes, laws and rights, What's done and past tells mortal wights, And what's to come.

Ale, that the ploughman's heart up-keeps, And equals it with tyrants' thrones; That wipes the eye that over-weeps; And lulls in sure and dainty sleeps The o'er-wearied bones.

Grand-child of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter, Wine's emulous neighbour, though but stale, Ennobling all the nymphs of water, And filling each man's heart with laughter: Ha! give me Ale!

Anonymous.

THREE MEN OF GOTHAM

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,
In a bowl Care may not be.—
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmèd bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.—
And your ballast is old wine.

Thomas Love Peacock.

A HYMN TO BACCHUS

BACCHUS, let me drink no more; Wild are seas that want a shore. When our drinking has no stint, There is no one pleasure in't. I have drunk up for to please Thee, that great cup Hercules: Urge no more; and there shall be Daffodils given up to thee.

Robert Herrick.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE

AS some brave admiral, in former war Deprived of force, but prest with courage still, Two rival fleets appearing from afar, Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill:

From whence, with thoughts full of concern, he views The wise and daring conduct of the fight, And each bold action to his mind renews His present glory and his past delight:

From his fierce eyes flashes of rage he throws, As from black clouds when lightning breaks away; Transported, thinks himself amidst his foes, And absent, yet enjoys the bloody day:

So when my days of impotence approach, And I'm, by wine and love's unlucky chance, Driven from the pleasing billows of debauch On the dull shore of lazy temperance,

My pains at last some respite shall afford, While I behold the battles you maintain; When fleets of glasses sail around the board, From whose broadsides vollies of wit shall rain.

Nor shall the sight of honourable scars, Which my too forward valour did procure, Frighten new-listed soldiers from the wars; Past joys have more than paid what I endure. . . .

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM MAGINN

TERE, early to bed, lies kind William Maginn, Who with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,

Had neither great lord, nor rich cit of his kin, Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin: So, his portion soon spent, like the poor heir of Lynn, He turned author while yet was no beard on his chin; And whoever was out, or whoever was in, For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin, Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin-

"Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your

But to save from starvation stirred never a pin. Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,

Else his acting for certain was equal to Quin: But at last he was beat, and sought help from the bin (All the same to the Doctor, from claret to gin), Which led swiftly to gaol, with consumption therein, It was much, when the bones rattled loose in his skin, He got leave to die here, out of Babylon's din. Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard of a sin: Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn.

John Gibson Lockhart.

SONG

TELL me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
Nor curls in order laid,
Nor of a rare seraphic voice
That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice
I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
And it must be a she,
The only argument can move
Is that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be But metaphors of things, And but resemble what we see Each common object brings: Roses out-red their lips and cheeks, Lilies their whiteness stain; What fool is he that shadows seeks And may the substance gain? Then if thou'lt have me love a lass, Let it be one that's kind: Else I'm a servant to the glass That's with Canary lined.

Alexander Brome.

THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND

THERE is a lady sweet and kind, Was never face so pleased my mind. I did but see her passing by, And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles, Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles, Beguiles my heart, I know not why, And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd, and doth range, Her country so my love doth change; But change she earth, or change she sky, Yet will I love her till I die.

From Thomas Ford's Music, 1607.

FOLLOW YOUR SAINT!

FOLLOW your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapt in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er return again!

All that I sung still to her praise did tend;
Still she was first, still she my songs did end;
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
'The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy:
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

Thomas Campion.

SONG

LAnd around our souls entwine While thy branches mix with mine, And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit, Chirping loud and singing sweet; Like gentle streams beneath our feet Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear, I am clad in flowers fair; Thy sweet boughs perfume the air, And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young, Sweet I hear her mournful song; And thy lovely leaves among, There is love, I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay, There he sleeps the night away; There he sports along the day, And doth among our branches play.

William Blake.

SONG

SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,

Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her

hair;

Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers Breathed to my sad lute 'mid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above:

O that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming, I too could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,

Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay, Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,

To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

Come then, my bird! For the peace thou ever bearest,

Still Heaven's messenger of comfort to me—
Come—this fond bosom, O faithfullest and fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound, its wound of love for
thee!

George Darley.

SONG

CING the old song, amid the sounds dispersing That burden treasured in your hearts too long; Sing it, with voice low-breathed, but never name her: She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing High thoughts, too high to mate with mortal song— Bend o'er her, gentle Heaven, but do not claim her!

In twilight caves, and secret lonelinesses, She shades the bloom of her unearthly days; And the soft winds alone have power to woo her: Far off we catch the dark gleam of her tresses; And wild birds haunt the wood-walks where she strays, Intelligible music warbling to her.

That Spirit charged to follow and defend her,— He also, doubtless, suffers this love-pain; And she, perhaps, is sad, hearing his sighing: And yet that face is not so sad as tender; Like some sweet singer's, when her sweetest strain From the heaved heart is gradually dying!

MY SILKS AND FINE ARRAY

MY silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave;
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is Love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade, Bring me a winding sheet; When I my grave have made, Let winds and tempests beat: Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay, True love doth pass away!

William Blake.

WOLFRAM'S DIRGE

IF thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart Of love and all its smart, Then die, dear, die; 'Tis deeper, sweeter, Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming With folded eye; And there alone, amid the beaming Of Love's stars, thou'lt meet her In eastern sky.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

LAURA

ROSE-cheeked Laura, come; Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's Silent music, either other Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow From concent divinely framed: Heaven is Music, and thy beauty's Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for help to grace them;
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord;

But still moves delight, Like clear springs renewed by flowing, Ever perfect, ever in them-Selves eternal.

Thomas Campion.

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me Like those Nicèan barks of yore That gently, o'er a perfumed sea, The weary way-worn wanderer bore To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam, Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face, Thy Naiad airs have brought me home To the glory that was Greece, And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche How statute-like I see thee stand, The agate lamp within thy hand, Ah! Psyche, from the regions which Are holy land!

Edgar Allan Poe.

DIRCE

STAND close around, ye Stygian set, With Dirce in one boat conveyed! Or Charon, seeing, may forget That he is old and she a shade.

Walter Savage Landor.

A BRIDAL SONG

THE golden gates of Sleep unbar
Where Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image like a star
In a sea of glassy weather!
Night, with all thy stars look down,—
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—
Never smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight;—
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight
Oft renew.

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her! Holy stars, permit no wrong! And return to wake the sleeper, Dawn,—ere it be long! O joy! O fear! What will be done In the absence of the sun! Come along!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

A SONG OF DALLIANCE

LET not dark nor shadows fright thee;
Thy limbs of lustre they will light thee.
Fear not anyone surprise us,
Love himself doth now disguise us.
From thy waist thy girdle throw:
Night and darkness both dwell here:
Words or actions who can know
Where there's neither eye nor ear?

Show thy bosom, and then hide it; License touching, and then chide it; Give a grant, and then forbear it; Offer something, and forswear it; Ask where all our shame is gone; Call us wicked, wanton men; Do as turtles, kiss and groan; Say, "We ne'er shall meet again."

I can hear thee curse, yet chase thee; Drink thy tears, yet still embrace thee; Easy riches are no treasure; She that's willing spoils the pleasure. Love bids learn the wrestlers' fight; Pull and struggle whilst we twine, Let me use my force to-night, The next conquest shall be thine.

William Cartwright.

ARIADNE WAKING

THE moist and quiet morn was scarcely breaking,
When Ariadne in her bower was waking;
Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard
But indistinctly yet a little bird,
That in the leaves o'erhead, waiting the sun,
Seemed answering another distant one.
She waked, but stirred not, only just to please
Her pillow-nestling cheek; while the full seas,
The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'ernight,
The happy thought of the returning light,
The sweet, self-willed content, conspired to keep
Her senses lingering in the feel of sleep;
And with a little smile she seemed to say,
"I know my love is near me, and 'tis day."

Leigh Hunt.

AIR AND ANGELS

TWICE or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be.
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see.
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtle than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid love ask, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love I thought,
And so more steadily to have gone,
With wares that would sink admiration,
I saw I had love's pinnace overfraught;
Thy every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much; some fitter must be sought;
For nor in nothing, nor in things extreme
And scattering bright, can love inhere;
Then as an angel face and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere;
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air's and angels' purity
'Twixt women's love and men's will ever be.

John Donne.

THE LEGACY

WHEN last I died, and, dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago—
And lovers' hours be full eternity—
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
Mine own executor, and legacy.

I heard me say, "Tell her anon,
That myself," that is you, not I,
"Did kill me," and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone;
But I alas! could there find none;
When I had ripped, and searched where hearts should lie,
It killed me again, that I who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
But colours it and corners had;
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part;
As good as could be made by art
It seemed, and therefore for our loss be sad.
I meant to send that heart instead of mine,
But O! no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

John Donne

THE DEFINITION OF LOVE

MY love is of a birth as rare As 'tis, for object, strange and high; It was begotten by despair Upon impossibility.

Magnanimous despair alone Could show me so divine a thing, Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown, But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive Where my extended soul is fixed; But Fate does iron wedges drive, And always crowds itself betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eyes does see Two perfect loves, nor lets them close; Their union would her ruin be, And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel Us at the distant poles have placed, (Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel), Not by themselves to be embraced,

Unless the giddy heavens fall, And earth some new convulsion tear, And, us to join, the world should all Be cramped into a planisphere.

As lines, so love's oblique, may well Themselves in every angle greet: But ours, so truly parallel, Though infinite, can never meet. Therefore the love which us doth bind, But Fate so enviously debars, Is the conjunction of the mind, And opposition of the stars.

Andrew Marvell.

WHEN LOVE ON TIME AND MEASURE . . .

WHEN love on time and measure makes his ground,

Time that must end, though love can never die, 'Tis love betwixt a shadow and a sound, A love not in the heart but in the eye, A love that ebbs and flows, now up, now down, A morning's favour, and an evening's frown.

Sweet looks show love, yet they are but as beams; Fair words seem true, yet they are but as wind; Eyes shed their tears, yet are but outward streams; Sighs paint a shadow in the falsest mind: Looks, words, tears, sighs, show love, when love they leave;

False hearts can weep, sigh, swear, and yet deceive.

Unknown Elizabethan authorship.

ONCE DID I LOVE

ONCE did I love, and yet I live, Though love and truth be now forgotten; Then did I joy, now do I grieve That holy vows must now be broken.

Hers be the blame that caused it so, Mine be the grief though it be mickle; She shall have shame, I cause to know What 'tis to love a dame so fickle.

Love her that list! I am content For that chameleon-like she changeth, Yielding such mists as may prevent My sight to view her when she rangeth.

Let him not vaunt that gains my loss!
For when that he and time hath proved her,
She may him bring to Weeping Cross.—
I say no more, because I loved her.

From Robert Jones's "Songs and Airs," 1601.

THE BITTER STREAM

AND as the dove to far Palmyra flying, From where her native founts of Antioch beam, Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing, Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring, Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed, Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

Maria del' Occidente: Maria Brooks.

AWAY!

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the moon, Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even:

Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon, And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven.

Pause not! The time is past! Every voice cries, Away!

Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood:

Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay:

Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home; Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth; Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come, And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head;

The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:

But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds the dead,

Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and peace may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,

For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep:

Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows; Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms flee Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee erewhile,

Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings are not free

From the music of two voices and the light of one sweet smile.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TELL ME NO MORE

TELL me no more how fair she is; I have no mind to hear The story of that distant bliss I never shall come near: By sad experience I have found That her perfection is my wound

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate,
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late:
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee, Nor will thy justice blame, So that thou wilt not envy me The glory of my flame: Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies, In that it falls her sacrifice.

Henry King.

EPIGRAM

I LOVED thee beautiful and kind, And plighted an eternal vow: So altered are thy face and mind, 'Twere perjury to love thee now! Robert, Earl Nugent.

THE TEAR

WHEN Phœbe formed a wanton smile, My soul! it reached not here! Strange that thy peace, thou trembler, flies Before a rising tear!

From midst the drops my love is born That o'er those eyelids rove: Thus issued from a teeming wave The fabled queen of love.

William Collins.

THE GRAVE OF LOVE

I DUG, beneath the cypress shade, What well might seem an elfin's grave; And every pledge in earth I laid, That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath; I placed one mossy stone above; And twined the rose's fading wreath Around the sepulchre of love.

Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead Ere yet the evening sun was set: But years shall see the cypress spread, Immutable as my regret.

Thomas Love Peacock.

TO HELENE

On a Gift-ring carelessly lost

I SENT a ring—a little band Of emerald and ruby stone, And bade it, sparkling on thy hand, Tell thee sweet tales of one Whose constant memory Was full of loveliness, and thee.

A shell was graven on its gold,—
'Twas Cupid fixed without his wings—
To Helene once it would have told
More than was ever told by rings:
But now all's past and gone,
Her love is buried with that stone.

Thou shalt not see the tears that start
From eyes by thoughts like these beguiled;
Thou shalt not know the beating heart,
Ever a victim and a child:
Yet Helene, love, believe
The heart that never could deceive.

I'll hear thy voice of melody
In the sweet whispers of the air;
I'll see the brightness of thine eye
In the blue evening's dewy star;
In crystal streams thy purity;
And look on Heaven to look on thee.

George Darley.

A LADY'S HAND

IT is the same bright fairy dress
That robes thy beauteous form,
And with the same unstartled grace
Thou gazest o'er the storm;
The same mysterious hour
Now girdles round us twain;
Lay then, in this same bower,
Thy hand on me again.

Thy hand on me again, lady! All man's world sleepeth still; And God hath given the rein, lady, To his world's passionate will. See how the lightnings leap, lady, Over the rocks and the main; Oh! lay, while all men sleep, lady, Thy hand on me again.

The storm around us rife
Befits the storm that then
Will rise amidst my life,
With the same wild joy as when
At this same midnight hour,
When thus raged heaven and main,
In this same secret bower,
Thy hand did not refrain.

On me again that hand, lady, Nearer the thunder peals; The chains on my heart disband, lady, Now, now, while Nature reels, While sleeps all life like the grave, lady, But ours and the hurricane,— While now thou may'st yet save, lady, Thy hand on me again!

Ebenezer Jones.

6

THE WAN MOON IS SETTING BEHIND THE WHITE WAVE

O, OPEN the door, some pity to show, If love it may na be, O! Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true, O, open the door to me, O!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek, But caulder thy love for me, O! The frost that freezes the life at my heart Is naught to my pains frae thee, O!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave, And Time is setting with me, O! False friends, false love, farewell! for mair I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, O! . . .

Robert Burns.

BUT NOW----

ARLY he rose, and looked with many a sigh On the red light that filled the eastern sky: Oft had he stood before, alert and gay, To hail the glories of the new-born day; But now dejected, languid, listless, low, He saw the wind upon the water blow, And the cold stream curled onward as the gale From the pine-hill blew harshly down the dale; On the right side the youth a wood surveyed, With all its dark intensity of shade; Where the rough wind alone was heard to move, In this the pause of Nature and of love, When now the young are reared, and when the old, Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold: Far to the left he saw the huts of men, Half-hid in mist that hung upon the fen; Before him swallows, gathering for the sea, Took their short flights, and twittered on the lea; And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest done, And slowly blackened in the sickly sun; All these were sad in Nature, or they took Sadness from him, the likeness of his look, And of his mind—he pondered for a while, Then met his Fanny with a borrowed smile.

George Crabbe.

RENUNCIATION

WE, that did nothing study but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day Rose with delight to us and with them set, Must learn the hateful art, how to forget. We, that did nothing wish that Heaven could give Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must, As if not writ in faith, but words and dust. Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make, Witness the chaste desires that never brake Into unruly heats; witness that breast Which in thy bosom anchored his whole rest— 'Tis no default in us: I dare acquite Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white As thy pure self. Cross planets did envy Us to each other, and Heaven did untie Faster than vows could bind. Oh, that the stars, When lovers meet, should stand opposed in wars!

Since then some higher Destinies command,
Let us not strive, nor labour to withstand
What is past help. The longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief:
Fold back our arms; take home our fruitless loves,
That must new fortunes try, like turtle-doves
Dislodged from their haunts. We must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself.—So, thou again art free!
Thou in another, sad as that, resend
The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.
Now turn from each: so fare our severed hearts
As the divorced soul from her body parts.

Henry King.

ON HIS DEAD WIFE'S MARRIAGE RING

THE ring, so worn as you behold, So thin, so pale, is yet of gold: The passion such it was to prove— Worn with life's care, love yet was love.

George Crabbe.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING

AS virtuous men pass mildly away, And whisper to their souls to go, Whilst some of their sad friends do say, "Now his breath goes," and some say, "No":

So let us melt, and make no noise, No tear-floods, nor sigh tempests move; 'Twere profanation of our joys To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears; Men reckon what it did, and meant; But trepidation of the spheres, Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love— Whose soul is sense—cannot admit Of absence, 'cause it doth remove The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined, That ourselves know not what it is, Inter-assured of the mind, Care less eyes, lips and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one, Though I must go, endure not yet A breach, but an expansion, Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so As stiff twin compasses are two; Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show To move, but doth, if th' other do. And though it in the centre sit, Yet, when the other far doth roam, It leans, and hearkens after it, And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must, Like th' other foot, obliquely run; Thy firmness makes my circle just, And makes me end where I begun.

John Donne.

I FEARED THE FURY OF MY WIND

TEARED the fury of my wind Would blight all blossoms fair and true; And my sun it shined and shined, And my wind it never blew.

But a blossom fair or true Was not found on any tree; For all blossoms grew and grew Fruitless, false, tho' fair to see.

William Blake.

WHEN passion's trance is overpast, If tenderness and truth could last Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep Some mortal slumber, dark and deep, I should not weep!

It were enough to feel, to see, Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly, And dream the rest—and burn and be The secret food of fires unseen, Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year The woodland violets reappear; All things revive in field or grove, And sky and sea, but two, which move And form all others, life and love.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE RELIC

WHEN my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,—
For graves have learned that women-head,
To be to more than one a bed—
And he that digs it spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will not he let us alone,
And think that here a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls at the last busy day
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mass-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the bishop or the king,
To make us relics; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men.
And, since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;
Difference of sex we never knew,
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
Our hands ne'er touched the seals,
Which Nature, injured by late law, sets free.

Those miracles we did; but now, alas! All measure, and all language, I should pass, Should I tell what a miracle she was.

John Donne.

THE UNDERTAKING

I HAVE done one braver thing Than all the worthies did; And yet a braver thence doth spring, Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart The skill of specular stone, When he, which can have learned the art To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this, Others—because no more Such stuff to work upon there is— Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within Hath found, all outward loathes, For he who colour loves, and skin, Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do Virtue in woman see, And dare love that, and say so too, And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placed so, From profane men you hide, Which will no faith on this bestow, Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing Than all the worthies did; And yet a braver thence will spring, Which is, to keep that hid.

John Donne.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

LET the bird of loudest lay
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger, Foul precurrer of the fiend, Augur of the fever's end, To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict Every fowl of tyrant wing Save the eagle, feathered king: Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplus white That defunctive music can, Be the death-divining swan, Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow, That thy sable gender mak'st With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st, 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:— Love and constancy is dead; Phœnix and the turtle fled In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain Had the essence but in one; Two distincts, division none; Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder; Distance, and no space was seen 'Twixt the turtle and his queen: But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine, That the turtle saw his right Flaming in the phænix's sight; Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled, That the self was not the same; Single nature's double name Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded, Saw division grow together; To themselves yet either neither; Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, "How true a twain Seemeth this concordant one! Love hath reason, reason none If what parts can so remain."

Whereupon it made this threne To the phœnix and the dove, Co-supremes and stars of love, As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity, Grace in all simplicity, Here enclosed in cinders lie. Death is now the phænix' rest; And the turtle's loyal breast To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was their married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be; Beauty brag, but 'tis not she; Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair:
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

William Shakespeare.

AH! SUN-FLOWER

AH, Sun-flower, weary of time, Who countest the steps of the sun; Seeking after that sweet golden clime, Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire, And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow, Arise from their graves, and aspire Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

William Blake.

THE FALCON HATH BORNE MY MATE AWAY

LULLY, lulley: lully, lulley!

The falcon hath borne my mate away!

He bare him up, he bare him down,

He bare him into an orchard brown.

In that orchard there was a hall

That was hanged with purple and pall;

And in that hall there was a bed,

It was hanged with gold so red;

And in that bed there lieth a knight,

His wounds bleeding day and night;

By that bedside kneeleth a may,

And she weepeth both night and day;

And by that bedside there standeth a stone,

Corpus Christi written thereon.

Lully, lulley: lully, lulley!

Anonymous.

S.T.

FROM "COMUS"

THE star that bids the shepherd fold Now the top of Heaven doth hold, And the gilded car of day His glowing axle doth allay In the steep Altantic stream, And the slope sun his upward beam Shoots against the dusky Pole, Pacing toward the other goal Of his chamber in the East. Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast, Midnight shout, and revelry, Tipsy dance, and jollity. Braid your locks with rosy twine Dropping odours, dropping wine. Rigour now is gone to bed, And Advice with scrupulous head, Strict Age, and sour Severity, With their grave saws in slumber lie. We that are of purer fire Imitate the starry quire, Who in their nightly watchful spheres Lead in swift round the months and years. The sounds and seas with all their finny drove Now to the moon in wavering morrice move, And on the tawny sands and shelves Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves: By dimpled brook, and fountain brim, The wood-nymphs decked with daisies trim Their merry wakes and pastimes keep: What hath night to do with sleep? Night hath better sweets to prove: Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.

John Milton.

THE SLEEPER

AT midnight, in the month of June, I stand beneath the mystic moon. An opiate vapour, dewy, dim, Exhales from out her golden rim, And, softly dropping, drop by drop, Upon the quiet mountain-top, Steals drowsily and musically Into the universal valley. The rosemary nods upon the grave; The lily lolls upon the wave; Wrapping the fog about its breast, The ruin moulders into rest: Looking like Lethe, see! the lake A conscious slumber seems to take, And would not, for the world, awake. All beauty sleeps !—and lo! where lies Irene, with her destinies!

O lady bright! can it be right, This window open to the night? The wanton airs, from the tree-top, Laughingly through the lattice drop; The bodiless airs, a wizard rout, Flit through thy chamber in and out, And wave the curtain canopy So fitfully, so fearfully, Above the closed and fringed lid 'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid, That, o'er the floor, and down the wall, Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall. O lady dear, hast thou no fear? Why and what art thou dreaming here? Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas, A wonder to these garden trees!

99

Strange is thy pallor: strange thy dress:
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And all this solemn silentness!
The lady sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by.

My love, she sleeps. Oh, may her sleep, As it is lasting, so be deep! Soft may the worms about her creep! Far in the forest, dim and old, For her may some tall vault unfold: Some vault that oft hath flung its black And winged panels fluttering back, Triumphant, o'er the crested palls Of her grand family funerals; Some sepulchre, remote, alone, Against whose portal she hath thrown, In childhood, many an idle stone: Some tomb from out whose sounding door She ne'er shall force an echo more, Thrilling to think, poor child of sin, It was the dead who groaned within!

Edgar Allan Poe.

FROM "NEPENTHE"

OBLEST unfabled Incense Tree, That burns in glorious Araby, With red scent chalicing the air, Till earth-life grow Elysian there!

Half buried to her flaming breast In this bright tree, she makes her nest, Hundred-sunned Phænix! when she must Crumble at length to hoary dust!

Her gorgeous death-bed! her rich pyre Burnt up with aromatic fire! Her urn, sight high from spoiler men! Her birth-place when self-born again!

The mountainless green wilds among, Here ends she her unechoing song! With amber tears and odorous sighs Mourned by the desert where she dies!

George Darley.

THE CITY IN THE SEA

LO! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down On the long night-time of that town; But light from out the lurid sea Streams up the turrets silently, Gleams up the pinnacles far and free: Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls, Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls, Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers, Up many and many a marvellous shrine Whose wreathed friezes intertwine The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and the shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves Yawn level with the luminous waves;

But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead,
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas,
Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell what winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down, that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

Edgar Allan Poe.

TOM O' BEDLAM'S SONG

FROM the hag and hungry goblin That into rags would rend ye, All spirits that stand By the naked man, In the book of moons defend ye! That of your five sound senses You never be forsaken; Nor travel from Yourselves with Tom Abroad, to beg your bacon.

Nor never sing any food and feeding, Money, drink, or clothing; Come dame or maid, Be not afraid, For Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty bare years have I Twice twenty been engaged; And of forty been Three times fifteen In durance soundly caged.

In the lovely lofts of Bedlam, In stubble soft and dainty, Brave bracelets strong, Sweet whips ding, dong, And a wholesome hunger plenty.

With a thought I took for maudlin, And a cruse of cockle pottage, And a thing thus—tall, Sky bless you all, I fell into this dotage. I slept not till the Conquest;
Till then I never waked;
Till the roguish boy
Of love, when I lay,
Me found, and stripped me naked.

When short I have shorn my sow's face, And swigged my horned barrel; In an oaken inn Do I pawn my skin, As a sort of gilt apparel: The morn's my constant mistress, And the lovely owl my morrow; The flaming drake And the night-crow make Me music, to my sorrow.

The palsie plague there pounces,
When I prig your pigs or pullen;
Your culvers take
Or mateless make
Your chanticleer and sullen;
When I want provant with Humphrey I sup,
And when benighted,
To repose in Paul's,
With waking souls,
I never am affrighted.

I know more than Apollo;
For, oft when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping;

The morn embraces her shepherd, And the Queen of Love her warrior; While the first does horn The stars of the morn, And the next the heavenly farrier.

With a heart of furious fancies
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wildnerness I wander;
With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to tourney:
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey!

Anonymous.

MAD SONG

THE wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs unfold:
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling beds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
Of pavèd heaven,
With sorrow fraught
My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of night,
Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds,
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe
After night I do crowd,
And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east
From whence comforts have increased;
For light doth seize my brain
William Blake.

THE WANDERING KNIGHT'S SONG

MY ornaments are arms, My pastime is in war, My bed is cold upon the wold, My lamp yon star.

My journeyings are long, My slumber short and broken; From hill to hill I wander still, Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land, I sail from sea to sea; Some day more kind I fate may find, Some night kiss thee.

John Gibson Lockhart.

THE HOMECOMING

RAGING sea,
And mighty Neptun's fane,
In monstrous hills
That knowest thyself so high,
That with thy floods
Dost beat the shores of Spain,
And break the cliffs
That dare thy force annoy,

Cease now thy rage,
And lay thine ire aside!
And Thou, that hast
The governance of all,
O mighty God,
Grant weather, wind and tide,
Till on my country coast
Our anchor fall!

Barnabe Googe.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

(From "Blackwood's Magazine," 1829)

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father Sing long ago the song of other shores— Listen to me, and then in chorus gather All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:

Chorus

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone sheiling of the misty island Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas— Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland, And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Chorus

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley, Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream, In arms around the patriarch banner rally,

Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

Chorus

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanished, Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,— No seer foretold the children would be banished That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Chorus

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter! O then for clansman true, and stern claymore— The hearts that would have given their blood like Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.

Chorus

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

DARK ROSALEEN

OMY Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and thro' dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
O, there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened thro' my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move,
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,

My Dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen!

To hear your sweet and sad complaints,

My life, my love, my saint of saints,

My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see you bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me thro' daylight hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air, I could plough the high hills, Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer, To heal your many ills! And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Oh, the Erne shall run red,
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgement Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

James Clarence Mangan.

ENGLAND

AND did those feet in ancient time Walk upon England's mountains green? And was the holy Lamb of God On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine Shine forth upon our clouded hills? And was Jerusalem builded here Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand, Till we have built Jerusalem In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake.

TO MR. PETER LELY

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF KING CHARLES I

CEE! what a clouded majesty, and eyes Whose glory through their mist doth brighter rise! See! what an humble bravery doth shine, And grief triumphant breaking through each line, How it commands the face! So sweet a scorn Never did happy misery adorn! . . . Not as of old, when a rough hand did speak A strong aspect, and a fair face a weak; When crystal typified in a white spot, And the bright ruby was but one red blot. Thou dost the thing Orientally the same, Not only paint'st its colour but its flame: Thou sorrow canst design without a tear, And with the man his very hope or fear: So that the amazed world shall henceforth find Not but my Lely ever drew a mind.

Richard Lovelace.

TO A PAINTER

CONCEAL not Time's misdeeds, but on my brow Retrace his mark:
Let the retiring hair be silvery now
That once was dark:
Eyes that reflected images too bright
Let clouds o'ercast,
And from the tablet be abolished quite
The cheerful past.
Yet care's deep lines should one from wakened mirth
Steal softly o'er,
Perhaps on me the fairest of the earth
May glance once more.

Walter Savage Landor.

GOOD MUSE, ROCK ME ASLEEP

GOOD Muse, rock me asleep With some sweet harmony; The weary eye is not to keep Thy wary company.

Sweet Love, begone awhile, Thou knowest my heaviness; Beauty is born but to beguile My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock, That loved to feed on high, Do headlong tumble down the rock, And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees, That were so fresh and green, Do all their dainty colour leese, And not a leaf is seen.

The blackbird and the thrush, That made the woods to ring, With all the rest are now at hush, And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird That hath the heavenly throat, Doth now, alas I not once afford Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost, Each herb hath lost her savour, And Phyllida the fair hath lost The comfort of her favour. Now all the careful sights So kill me in conceit That how to hope upon delights, It is but mere deceit.

And therefore, my sweet Muse,— Thou knowest what help is best— Do now thy heavenly cunning use, To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray What fate shall be my friend, Whether my life shall still decay, Or when my sorrow end.

Nicholas Breton.

THE MUSE

CHE doth tell me where to borrow • Comfort in the midst of sorrow; Makes the desolatest place To her presence be a grace; And the blackest discontents Be her fairest ornaments, In my former days of bliss, Her divine skill taught me this, That from everything I saw, I could some invention draw, And raise pleasure to her height, Through the meanest object's sight; By the murmur of a spring, Or the least bough's rustleing. By a daisy, whose leaves spread, Shut when Titan goes to bed; Or a shady bush or tree, She could more infuse in me, Than all Nature's beauties can In some other wiser man. By her help I also now Make this churlish place allow Some things that may sweeten gladness, In the very gall of sadness. The dull loneness, the black shade, That these hanging vaults have made: The strange music of the waves, Beating on these hollow caves: This black den which rocks emboss, Overgrown with eldest moss: The rude portals that give light More to terror than delight; This my chamber of neglect, Walled about with disrespect.

From all these, and this dull air, A fit object for despair, She hath taught me by her might To draw comfort and delight. Therefore, thou best earthly bliss, I will cherish thee for this.

George Wither.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON

WHEN I a verse shall make, Know I have prayed thee, For old religion's sake, Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me, When I, thy Herrick, Honouring thee, on my knee Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee, And a new altar; And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be Writ in my psalter.

Robert Herrick.

THE CONSOLATION OF SONG

VERSE sweetens toil, however rude the sound. She feels no biting pang the while she sings; Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around, Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.

Richard Gifford.

PLEAD FOR ME

OH, thy bright eyes must answer now, When reason, with a scornful brow, Is mocking at my overthrow! Oh, thy sweet tongue must plead for me And tell why I have chosen thee!

Stern Reason is to judgment come, Arrayed in all her forms of gloom: Wilt thou, my advocate, be dumb? No, radiant angel, speak and say, Why did I cast the world away.

Why I have persevered to shun The common paths that others run; And on a strange road journeyed on, Heedless, alike of wealth and power— Of glory's wreath and pleasure's flower.

These, once, indeed, seemed Beings Divine; And they, perchance, heard vows of mine, And saw my offerings on their shrine; But careless gifts are seldom prized, And mine were worthily despised.

So, with a ready heart, I swore To seek their altar-stone no more; And gave my spirit to adore Thee, ever-present, phantom thing— My slave, my comrade, and my king.

A slave, because I rule thee still; Incline thee to my changeful will, And make thy influence good or ill; A comrade, for by day and night Thou art my intimate delight,— My darling pain that wounds and sears, And wrings a blessing out from tears By deadening me to earthly cares; And yet, a king, though Prudence well Have taught thy subject to rebel.

And am I wrong to worship where Faith cannot doubt, nor hope despair, Since my own soul can grant my prayer? Speak, lord of visions, plead for me, And tell why I have chosen thee!

Emily Brontë.

LA PENSÉE A AUSSI SES IVRESSES

OF all the suns that over earth have smiled, The summer's evening sun I love the best; Because it rayed when I beheld a child Come from the cedar grove, at home to rest.

His wide-orbed eyelids moved not as he came; His cheeks were pale; his eyes were heavily bright; His lips were parted movelessly; pale flame Around his mouth played quietly pale delight.

His forest dog went bounding to his side; His eyes veered slowly towards the fawning hound, But kept their fixedness, pre-occupied With thought, whence other thoughts did all rebound.

His beautiful mother took his drooping hand; And when he lavished on her no caress, "What ails my boy?" from across her soul's large land, Passed through her lips, with ravishing gentleness.

"Mother, I know not; to the cedar trees I chased a butterfly; it danced too high, And left me underneath; the evening breeze Came with me then, and then it seemed to die.

"And all was silent as the minster's nave On common days; upon the ground I sate, And reverence closed mine eyes, as with the wave Of silent and of soundless passing state.

"Anon mine eyelids lifted, and I saw Above me terracing the mighty trees; The sun continuing utterly to withdraw His rays from out them, by composed degrees.

- "When the rays all were taken, and unlit The grove gloomed dark, again mine eyes did close, And in my mind, where lonely I did sit, The memory of the high priest's blessing rose.
- "As from the scene towards this thought I gazed, A mighty ecstasy through my brain did go, Like overwhelming ocean; cresting, raised My hair, while I did cower and tremble low;
- "For both one essence possessed;—the cedar-grove Spreading its shadowing boughs high o'er me there; And the priest's hands outstretched my head above, Solemnly sheltering me, with voiceless prayer.
- "It seemed as though into my brain did roll A thunder-cloud, that burst in bright wild rain, Torrenting through my limbs—and for its goal, Mounting back mightily to my brain again.
- "I am not sad, mother; I have no ill, But a great storm within me doth subside; The ebbing of rapture wearies me; still, still, Me alone leave, dear mother"; the boy replied.

Ceasing, he kissed her with serious pride, The while his hand caressed the hound's large head; And then away he seriously did glide And I retired where'er my footsteps led.

Deems any this vision insufficient cause That I should love the hour that gave it me, Oh! knew he his own human-nature's laws, Much would he yearn to have been given it to see. The essence of mind's being is the stream of thought; Difference of mind's being is difference of the stream; Within this single difference may be brought The countless differences that are or seem.

Now thoughts associate in the common mind By outside semblance, or from general wont; But in the mind of genius, swift as wind, All similarly inflaming thoughts confront.

Though the things thought, in time and space, may lie Wider than India from the Arctic zone; If they impress one feeling, swift they fly, And in the mind of genius take one throne.

This order of mind is shaken to the core With mighty joy, while therewithin cohere Its far-brought thoughts; o'er the common mind's dull floor,

As of old, its thoughts, rejoicing not, appear.

This boy, then, suffering in the cedar-grove, All rapturously, the uniting in his mind Of these far-parted thoughts,—the boughs above, And the priest's blessing o'er his head declined—

Is, in embryo beautousness, one of that band, Who, telling the sameness of far-parted things, Plant through the universe, with magician hand, A clue which makes us following universe-kings.

One of the seers and prophets who bid men pause In their blind rushing, and awake to know Fraternal essences and beauteous laws In many a thing from which in scorn they go.

Yea, at his glance, sin's palaces may fall, Men rise, and all their demon gods disown; In knowledge of hidden resemblances is all Needed to link mankind in happiness round Love's throne.

Ebenezer Jones.

IF ALL THE PENS THAT EVER POETS HELD

IF all the pens that ever poets held Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts, And every sweetness that inspired their hearts, Their minds, and muses on admired themes, If all the heavenly quintessence they still From their immortal flowers of poetry, Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive The highest reaches of a human wit; If these had made one poem's period, And all combined in beauty's worthiness, Yet should there hover in their restless heads One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least, Which into words no virtue can digest.

Christopher Marlowe.

IGNICULUS DESIDERII: FRAGMENT

TO thirst and find no fill—to wail and wander
With short unsteady steps—to pause and ponder—
To feel the blood run through the veins and tingle
Where busy thought and blind sensation mingle;
To nurse the image of unfelt caresses
Till dim imagination just possesses
The half-created shadow, then all the night
Sick . . .

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

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WORK WITHOUT HOPE

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their

The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—And Winter, slumbering in the open air, Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring! And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing, Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow, Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow. Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may, For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away! With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll: And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul? Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve, And Hope without an object cannot live.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY

NO, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;

Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine; Make not your rosary of yew-berries, Nor let the beetle nor the death-moth be Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl A partner in your sorrow's mysteries; For shade to shade will come too drowsily, And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud, That fosters the droop-headed flowers all, And hides the green hill in an April shroud; Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose, Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave, Or on the wealth of globèd peonies; Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows, Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave, And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die; And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh, Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips: Ay, in the very temple of Delight Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine, Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue Can burst joy's grape against his palate fine: His soul shall taste the sadness of her might, And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

John Keats.

ROMANCE

ROMANCE, who loves to nod and sing, With drowsy head and folded wing, Among the green leaves, as they shake Far down within some shadowy lake, To me a painted paroquet Hath been—a most familiar bird—Taught me my alphabet to say—To lisp my very earliest word While in the wild wood I did lie, A child—with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal Condor years
So shake the very Heaven on high
With tumult as they thunder by,
I have no time for idle cares
Through gazing on the unquiet sky.
And when an hour with calmer wings
Its down upon my spirit flings—
That little time with lyre and rhyme
To while away—forbidden things!
My heart would feel to be a crime
Unless it trembled with the strings.

Edgar Allan Poe.

SONNET ON THE SONNET

If by dull rhymes our English must be chained, And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet Fettered, in spite of pained loveliness, Let us find out, if we must be constrained, Sandals more interwoven and complete To fit the naked foot of Poesy:
Let us inspect the Lyre, and weigh the stress Of every chord, and see what may be gained By ear industrious, and attention meet; Misers of sound and syllable, no less Than Midas of his coinage, let us be Jealous of dead leaves in the bay wreath crown; So, if we may not let the Muse be free, She will be bound with garlands of her own.

John Keats.

IMMORTALITY

POETS may boast, as safely vain, Their works shall with the world remain; Each bound together, live or die, The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his lines should long Last in a daily changing tongue? While they are new, envy prevails, And, as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part, The matter may betray their art: Time, if we use ill-chosen stone, Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek Must carve in Latin or in Greek: We write in sand; our language grows, And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Edmund Waller.

VERSE

PAST ruined Ilion Helen lives, Alcestis rises from the shades; Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil Hide all the peopled hills you see, The gay, the proud, while lovers hail These many summers you and me.

Walter Savage Landor.

SONG'S ETERNITY

WHAT is song's eternity?
Come and see.
Can it noise and bustle be?
Come and see.
Praises sung or praises said
Can it be?
Wait awhile and these are dead—
Sigh, sigh;
Be they high or lowly bred
They die.

What is song's eternity?
Come and see.
Melodies of earth and sky,
Here they be.
Song once sung to Adam's ears
Can it be?
Ballads of six thousand years
Thrive, thrive;
Song awakens with the spheres
Alive.

Mighty songs that miss decay,
What are they?
Crowds and cities pass away
Like a day.
Books are out and books are read;
What are they?
Years will lay them with the dead—
Sigh, sigh;
Trifles unto nothing wed,
They die.

Dreamers, mark the honey bee; Mark the tree
Where the blue cap " tootle tee"
Sings a glee
Sung to Adam and to Eve—
Here they be.
When floods covered every bough,
Noah's ark
Heard that ballad singing now;
Hark, hark,

"Tootle tootle tootle tee"—
Can it be
Pride and fame must shadows be?
Come and see—
Every season owns her own;
Bird and bee
Sing creation's music on;
Nature's glee
Is in every mood and tone
Eternity.

John Clare.

IN THE WOOD NEAR APPLETON HOUSE

THUS I, easy philosopher, Among the birds and trees confer; And little now to make me wants Or of the fowls, or of the plants: Give me but wings as they, and I Straight floating on the air shall fly; Or turn me but, and you shall see I was but an inverted tree. Already I begin to call In their most learned original, And, where I language want, my signs The bird upon the bough divines, And more attentive there doth sit Than if she were with lime-twigs knit. No leaf does tremble in the wind Which I returning cannot find: Out of these scattered Sibyls' leaves Strange prophecies my fancy weaves, And in one history consumes, Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes; What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said, I in this light mosaic read. Thrice happy he, who, not mistook, Hath read in Nature's mystic book! And see how chances better wit Could with a mask my studies hit! The oak-leaves me embroider all. Between which caterpillars crawl: And ivy, with familiar trails, Me licks, and clasps, and curls, and hales. Under this antic cope I move, Like some great prelate of the grove; Then, languishing with ease, I toss On pallets swollen of velvet moss,

While the wind, cooling through the boughs, Flatters with air my panting brows. Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks, And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks, Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed, And winnow from the chaff my head!

How safe, methinks, and strong behind These trees have I encamped my mind; Where beauty, aiming at the heart, Bends in some tree its useless dart, And where the world no certain shot Can make, or me it toucheth not, But I on it securely play, And gall its horsemen all the day. Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines; Curl me about, ye gadding vines; And oh, so close your circles lace, That I may never leave this place!

Andrew Marvell.

DEAR CHILD OF NATURE

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!
—There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold;
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy, And treading among flowers of joy Which at no season fade, Thou, while thy babes around thee cling, Shalt show us how divine a thing A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feeling shall not die, Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh, A melancholy slave; But an old age serene and bright, And lovely as a Lapland night, Shall lead thee to thy grave.

William Wordsworth.

THE BLACKBIRD

IN midst of woods or pleasant groves, Where all sweet birds do sing, Methought I heard so rare a sound Which made the heavens to ring.

The charm was good, the noise full sweet, Each bird did play his part; And I admired to hear the same; Joy sprang into my heart.

The blackbird made the sweetest sound, Whose tunes did far excel; Full pleasantly, and most profound Was all things placed well.

Thy pretty tunes, mine own sweet bird, Done with so good a grace, Extol thy name, prefer the same Abroad in every place.

Thy music grave, bedeckèd well With sundry points of skill, Bewrays thy knowledge excellent Ingrafted in thy will.

My tongue shall speak, my pen shall write In praise of thee to tell; Thou sweetest bird that ever was— In friendly sort farewell!

Anonymous.

THE BIRDS

HE. Where thou dwellest, in what grove, Tell me, Fair One, tell me, Love; Where thou thy charming nest doth build, O thou pride of every field!

She. Yonder stands a lonely tree, There I live and mourn for thee; Morning drinks my silent tear, And evening winds my sorrow bear.

He. O thou summer's harmony, I have lived and mourned for thee; Each day I mourn along the wood, And night hath heard my sorrows loud.

She. Dost thou truly long for me? And am I thus sweet to thee? Sorrow now is at an end, O my lover and my friend!

He. Come, on wings of joy we'll fly To where my bower hangs on high; Come, and make thy calm retreat Among green leaves and blossoms sweet.

GRONGAR HILL

CILENT nymph, with curious eye! Who, the purple evening, lie On the mountain's lonely van, Beyond the noise of busy man; Painting fair the form of things, While the yellow linnet sings; Or the tuneful nightingale Charms the forest with her tale:— Come, with all thy various hues, Come and aid thy sister Muse; Now, while Phoebus riding high, Gives lustre to the land and sky! Grongar Hill invites my song, Draw the landscape bright and strong; Grongar, in whose mossy cells Sweetly musing Quiet dwells; Grongar, in whose silent shade, For the modest Muses made, So oft I have, the evening still, At the fountain of a rill. Sate upon a flowery bed, With my hand beneath my head; While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood, Over mead and over wood, From house to house, from hill to hill, Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequered sides I wind, And leave his brooks and meads behind, And groves, and grottoes where I lay, And vistas shooting beams of day: Wide and wider spreads the vale, As circles on a smooth canal: The mountains round, unhappy fate! Sooner or later, of all height, Withdraw their summits from the skies, And lessen as the others rise: Still the prospect wider spreads, Adds a thousand woods and meads; Still it widens, widens still, And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow, What a landscape lies below! No clouds, no vapours intervene: But the gay, the open scene Does the face of Nature show, In all the hues of Heaven's bow! And, swelling to embrace the light, Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise, Proudly towering in the skies! Rushing from the woods, the spires Seem from hence ascending fires! Half his beams Apollo sheds On the yellow mountain-heads! Gilds the fleeces of the flocks, And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,

On which a dark hill, steep and high, Holds and charms the wandering eye! Deep are his feet in Towy's flood, His sides are clothed with waving wood, And ancient towers crown his brow, That cast an awful look below; Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps, And with her arms from falling keeps; So both a safety from the wind On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode; 'Tis now the appartment of the toad; And there the fox securely feeds: And there the poisonous adder breeds, Concealed in ruin, moss, and weeds; While, ever and anon, there falls Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls. Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low, And level lays the lofty brow, Has seen this broken pile complete, Big with the vanity of state; But transient is the smile of Fate! A little rule, a little sway, A sunbeam in a winter's day, Is all the proud and mighty have Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;

Ze .

Thus she dresses green and gay, To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low,
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree, And never covet what I see; Content me with an humble shade, My passions tamed, my wishes laid; For while our wishes wildly roll We banish quiet from the soul: 'Tis thus the busy beat the air, And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high, As on the mountain-turf I lie; While the wanton Zephyr sings, And in the vale perfumes his wings; While the waters murmur deep; While the shepherd charms his sheep; While the birds unbounded fly, And with music fill the sky, Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will; Search for Peace with all your skill: Open wide the lofty door, Seek her on the marble floor. In vain you search, she is not there; In vain you search the domes of Care! Grass and flowers Quiet treads On the meads and mountain-heads, Along with Pleasure, close allied, Ever by each other's side: And often, by the murmuring rill, Hears the thrush, while all is still, Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

John Dyer.

SUMMER IMAGES

LOVE at early morn, from new mown swath, To see the startled frog his route pursue; To mark while, leaping o'er the dripping path, His bright sides scatter dew, The early lark that from its bustle flies To hail his matin new; And watch him to the skies.

To note on hedgerow baulks, in moisture sprent, The jetty snail creep from the mossy thorn, With earnest head, and tremulous intent, Frail brother of the morn, That from the tiny bent's dew-misted leaves Withdraws his timid horn, And fearful vision weaves.

John Clare.

HYMN OF PAN

FROM the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni and Sylvans and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal earth,
And of heaven, and the giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth.
And then I changed my pipings—
Singing how down the vale of Mænalus
I pursued a maiden, and clasped a reed.

Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed.
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood—
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE FISH, THE MAN, AND THE SPIRIT

TO A FISH

YOU strange, astonished-looking, angle-faced, Dreary-mouthed, gaping wretches of the sea, Gulping salt-water everlastingly, Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced, And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste; And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry, Legless, unloving, infamously chaste:—

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights, What is't ye do? What life lead? Eh, dull goggles? How do ye vary your vile days and nights? How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes, and bites, And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?

A Fish Answers

Amazing monster! that, for aught I know,
With the first sight of thee didst make our race
For ever stare! O flat and shocking face,
Grimly divided from the breast below!
Thou that on dry land horribly dost go
With a split body and most ridiculous pace,
Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
Long-useless-finned, haired, upright, unwet, slow!

O breather of unbreathable, sword-sharp air, How canst exist? How bear thyself, thou dry And dreary sloth? What particle canst share Of the only blessed life, the watery? I sometimes see of ye an actual pair Go by! linked fin by fin! most odiously. The Fish Turns into a Man, and then into a Spirit, and again Speaks

Indulge, thy smiling scorn, if smiling still,
O man! and loathe, but with a sort of love;
For difference must its use by difference prove,
And, in sweet clang, the spheres with music fill.
One of the spirits am I, that at his will
Live in whate'er has life—fish, eagle, dove—
No hate, no pride, beneath nought, nor above,
A visitor of the rounds of God's sweet skill.

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves and graves, Boundless in hope, honoured with pangs austere, Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:— The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear, A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves, Quickened with touches of transporting fear.

Leigh Hunt.

THE TIGER

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright In the forests of the night, What immortal hand or eye Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies Burnt the fire of thine eyes? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art, Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain? In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? what dread grasp Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears, And watered heaven with their tears, Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright In the forests of the night, What immortal hand or eye Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

PROVERBS

ROBIN redbreast in a cage Puts all Heaven in a rage. A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons Shudders Hell through all its regions. A dog starved at his master's gate Predicts the ruin of the State. A horse misused upon the road Calls to heaven for human blood. Each outcry of the hunted hare A fibre from the brain does tear. A skylark wounded in the wing, A cherubim does cease to sing . . . He who shall hurt the little wren Shall never be beloved by men. He who the ox to wrath has moved Shall never be by woman loved. The wanton boy that kills the fly Shall feel the spider's enmity. He who torments the chafer's sprite Weaves a bower in endless night. The caterpillar on the leaf Repeats to thee thy mother's grief. Kill not the moth nor butterfly, For the Last Judgment draweth nigh.

MORNING

TO find the Western path,
Right thro' the Gates of Wrath
I urge my way;
Sweet Mercy leads me on
With soft repentant moan:
I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears, Melted by dewy tears, Exhales on high; The Sun is freed from fears, And with soft grateful tears Ascends the sky.

NIGHT

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew Thee from report divine, and heard thy name, Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame, Hesperus with the host of heaven came, And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed, That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind! Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife? If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

Joseph Blanco White.

YEW-TREES

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale, Which to this day stands single, in the midst Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore: Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed the sea And drew their bows at Azincourt. Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poictiers. Of vast circumference and gloom profound This solitary Tree! a living thing Produced too slowly ever to decay; Of form and aspect too magnificent To be destroyed. But worthier still of note Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale, Joined in one solemn and capacious grove; Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a growth Of intertwisted fibres serpentine Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved; Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks That threaten the profane;—a pillared shade, Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue, By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged Perennially—beneath whose sable roof Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked With unrejoicing berries—ghostly shapes May meet at noontide; Fear and trembling Hope, Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton And Time the Shadow;—there to celebrate, As in a natural temple scattered o'er With altars undisturbed of mossy stone, United worship; or in mute repose To lie, and listen to the mountain flood Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

William Wordsworth.

SONNET

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date, do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain,
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

William Wordsworth.

"MAIS OU SONT LES NEIGES D'ANTAN?"

Ι

WHERE is Paris and Heleyne,
That weren so bryht and feyre on bleo,¹
Amadas, Tristram, and Dideyne,
Yseude, and alle theo,
Ector with his scharpe meyne,²
And Cæsar riche of worldes feo?³
Heo beoth iglyden out of the reyne ⁴
So as the sheaf is of the cleo! ⁵

Thomas de Hales, c. 1230.

TT

Where beth they biforen us weren, Houndes ladden and hauckes beren, And hadden feld and wode? The riche levedies in hoere ⁶ bour, That wereden gold in hoere tressour,⁷ With hoere brightte rode,⁸

Eten and drounken and maden hem glad; Hoere lif was al with gamen ilad; Men kneleden hem biforen; They beren hem wel swithe heye,⁹ And in a twincling of an eye Hoere soules weren forloren.

Anon., c. 1275.

- Of face.
- ² Might.
- ³ Treasure.

4 Realm.
7 Tresses.

S.T.

- Here—Field.Cheeks.
- ⁶ Their.
 ⁹ Very loftily.

AY ME!

AY me, ay me, I sigh to see the scythe afield:

Down goeth the grass, soon wrought to withered hay.

Ay me, alas, ay me, alas, that beauty needs must yield,

And princes pass, as grass doth fade away!

Ay me, ay me, that life cannot have lasting leave, Nor gold take hold of everlasting joy. Ay me, alas, ay me, alas, that time hath talents to

receive,

And yet no time can make a surer stay.

Ay me, ay me, that wit cannot have wished choice, Nor wish can win that will desires to see. Ay me, alas, ay me, alas, that mirth can promise no rejoice,

Nor study tell what afterward shall be.

Ay me, ay me, that no sure staff is given to age, Nor age can give sure wit that youth will take. Ay me, alas, ay me, alas, that no counsel wise and sage Will shun the show that all doth mar and make.

Ay me, ay me, come Time, shear on, and shake the hay!

It is no boot to baulk thy bitter blows.

Ay me, alas, ay me, alas, come Time, take everything away!

For all is thine, be it good or bad, that grows.

Unknown Elizabethan authorship.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS

YOU are a tulip seen to-day, But, dearest, of so short a stay That where you grew scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower, Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose in the bud, Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood Can show where you or grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine, And can with tendrils love entwine, Yet dried ere you distil your wine.

You are like balm enclosèd well In amber or some crystal shell, Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty violet, Yet withered ere you can be set Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among; But die you must, fair maid, ere long, As he, the maker of this song.

Robert Herrick

M 2

THE ROSE

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely rose, The beauties of thy leaves disclose!

But thou, fair Nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day.
That miracle of face must fail,
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail;
Swift as the short-lived flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die.
Though sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name:
Time must indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be what they are now.

William Broome.

MANY MAY YET RECALL THE HOURS

MANY may yet recall the hours
That saw thy lover's chosen flowers
Nodding and dancing in the shade
Thy dark and wavy tresses made:
On many a brain is pictured yet
Thy languid eye's dim violet,
But who among them all foresaw
How the sad snows that never thaw
Upon that head one day should lie
And love but glimmer from that eye?

Walter Savage Landor.

ONCE TOO IN ARCADY WAS I

O YOU that dwell where shepherds reign, Arcadian youths, Arcadian maids, To pastoral pipe who danced the plain, Why pensive now beneath the shades?

Approach her virgin tomb, they cry; Behold the verse inscribed above: Once too in Arcady was I— Behold what dreams are life and love!

Edward Lovibond.

AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN

HERE a solemn fast we keep, While all beauty lies asleep Hushed be all things; no noise here But the toning of a tear: Or a sigh of such as bring Cowslips for her covering.

Robert Herrick.

EPITAPH ON M. S., WHO DIED IN MAY, 1614

MAY! Be thou never graced with birds that sing,
Nor Flora's pride!
In thee all flowers and roses spring,
Mine only died.

William Browne.

EPITAPH

THE Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone; with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, Reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear;
Or if thyself possess a gem
As dear to thee as this to them,
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case:
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy Darling in an urn.

Thomas Carew.

ROSE AYLMER

AH, what avails the sceptred race! Ah, what the form divine! What every virtue, every grace! Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes May weep, but never see, A night of memories and of sighs I consecrate to thee.

Walter Savage Landor.

ISABEL

IN the most early morn
I rise from a damp pillow, tempest-tost,
To seek the sun with silent gaze forlorn,
And mourn for thee, my lost
Isabel.

That early hour I meet
The daily vigil of my life to keep,
Because there are no other lights so sweet,
Or shades so long and deep,
Isabel.

And best I think of thee Beside the duskest shade and brightest sun, Whose mystic lot in life it was to be Outshone, outwept by none, Isabel.

Men said that thou wert fair: There is no brightness in the heaven above, There is no balm upon the summer air Like thy warm love, Isabel.

Men saw that thou wert bright: There is no wildness in the winds that blow, There is no darkness in the winter's night Like thy dark woe, Isabel.

And yet thy path did miss Man's footsteps: in their haunts thou hadst no joy; The thoughts of other worlds were thine in this; In thy sweet piety, and in thy bliss And grief, for life too coy, Isabel.

And so my heart's despair
Looks for thee ere the firstling smoke hath curled;
While the rapt earth is at her morning prayer,
Ere yet she putteth on her workday air
And robes her for the world,
Isabel.

When the sun-burst is o'er, My lonely way about the world I take, Doing and saying much, and feeling more, And all things for thy sake, Isabel.

But never once I dare To see thine image till the day be new, And lip hath sullied not the unbreathed air, And waking eyes are few, Isabel.

Then that lost form appears
Which was a joy to few on earth but me:
In the young light I see thy guileless glee,
In the deep dews thy tears,
Isabel.

So with Promethean moan
In widowhood renewed I learn to grieve;
Blest with one only thought—that I alone
Can fade: that thou thro' years shalt still shine on
In beauty, as in beauty art thou gone,
Thou morn that knew no eve,
Isabel.

In beauty art thou gone; As some bright meteor gleams across the night, Gazed on by all, but understood by none, And dying by its own excess of light, Isabel.

Sydney Dobell.

AGAINST MOURNING

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan, Sorrow calls no time that's gone: Violets plucked the sweetest rain Makes not fresh nor grow again. Trim thy locks, look cheerfully; Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see. Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast; Why should sadness longer last? Grief is but a wound to woe: Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe!

John Fletcher

FROM "THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY"

 Δ S some days are, at the creation, named The Before the sun, the which framed days, was framed. So after this sun's set, some show appears, And orderly vicissitude of years. Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood, Hath drowned us all; all have forgot all good, Forgetting her, the main reserve of all. Yet in this deluge, gross and general, Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall be To be hereafter praised for praising thee . . . These hymns thy issue may increase so long, As till God's great Venite change the song . . . She, she is gone; she's gone; when thou know'st this, What fragmentary rubbish this world is Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought; He honours it too much that thinks it nought. Think, then, my soul, that death is but a groom, Which brings a taper to the outward room, Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light, And after brings it nearer to thy sight . . . She, whose fair body no such prison was, But that a soul might well be pleased to pass An age in her; she, whose rich beauty lent Mintage to other beauties, for they went But for so much as they were like to her; She, in whose body—if we dare prefer This low world to so high a mark as she— The western treasure, eastern spicery, Europe, and Afric, and the unknown rest Were easily found, or what in them was best . . . She, of whose soul, if we may say, 'twas gold, Her body was the electrum, and did hold

Many degrees of that; we understood Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought That one might almost say, her body thought; She, she thus richly and largely housed, is gone; And chides us slow-paced snails who crawl upon Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.

John Donne.

REMAIN!

REMAIN, ah not in youth alone!

—Tho' youth, where you are, long will stay—But when my summer days are gone,
And my autumnal haste away.

"Can I be always by your side?"

No; but the hours you can you must,
Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,
Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

Walter Savage Landor.

EPIGRAM

Not so unlike the die is cast; For, after all our vaunt and scorn, How very small the odds at last!

Him raised to fortune's utmost top With him beneath her feet compare; And one has nothing more to hope, And one has nothing more to fear.

Rev. Samuel Wesley.

THE WOOD, THE WEED, THE WAG

THREE things there be that prosper all apace And flourish while they are asunder far; But on a day, they meet all in a place, And when they meet, they one another mar.

And they be these: the wood, the weed, the wag. The wood is that that makes the gallows tree; The weed is that that strings the hangman's bag; The wag, my pretty knave, betokens thee.

Now mark, dear boy, while these assemble not, Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the wag is wild; But when they meet, it makes the timber rot, It frets the halter, and it chokes the child.

God bless the child!

Sir Walter Raleigh.

WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WAS BEHEADED, 1586

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares; My feast of joy is but a dish of pain; My crop of corn is but a field of tares; And all my good is but vain hope of gain; The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun; And now I live, and now my life is done.

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung; The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green; My youth is gone, and yet I am but young; I saw the world, and yet I was not seen; My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun; And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in the womb; I looked for life, and saw it was a shade; I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb; And now I die, and now I am but made; The glass is full, and now my glass is run; And now I live, and now my life is done.

Chidiock Tichhorne.

LET US BE MERRY BEFORE WE GO

IF sadly thinking, with spirits sinking, Could more than drinking my cares compose, A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow, And hope to-morrow would end my woes. But as in wailing there's naught availing, And Death unfailing will strike the blow, Then for that reason, and for a season, Let us be merry before we go.

To joy a stranger, a way-worn ranger, In every danger my course I've run; Now hope all ending, and Death befriending, His last aid lending, my cares are done. No more a rover, a hapless lover, Those cares are over, and my glass runs low; Then for that reason, and for a season, Let us be merry before we go.

John Philpot Curran.

OH, FOR THE TIME WHEN I SHALL SLEEP

OH, for the time when I shall sleep Without identity,
And never care how rain may steep,
Or snow may cover me!
No promised heaven, these wild desires
Could all, or half fulfil;
No threatened hell, with quenchless fires,
Subdue this quenchless will!

So said I, and still say the same;
Still, to my death, will say—
Three gods, within this little frame,
Are warring night and day;
Heaven could not hold them all, and yet
They all are held in me;
And must be mine till I forget
My present entity!
Oh, for the time, when in my breast
Their struggles will be o'er!
Oh, for the day when I shall rest,
And never suffer more!

Emily Brontë.

THE PRISONER

STILL let my tyrants know, I am not doomed to wear

Year after year in gloom and desolate despair; A messenger of Hope comes every night to me, And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

He comes with Western winds, with evening's wandering airs,

With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest

stars

Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire, And visions rise, and change, that kill me with desire.

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years, When joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears:

When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm, I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunder-storm.

But first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm descends; The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends. Mute music soothes my breast—unuttered harmony That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen its truth reveals;

My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels; Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found, Measuring the gulf, it stoops, and dares the final bound.

O dreadful is the check—intense the agony— When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see; When the pulse begins to throb—the brain to think again—

The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less; The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless; And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly shine,

If it but herald Death, the vision is divine.

Emily Brontë.

DEATH

This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight; That sometime these bright stars, that now reply In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night; That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite, And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow; That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright Be lapped in alien clay and laid below; It is not death to know this,—but to know That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves Over the past-away, there may be then No resurrection in the minds of men.

Thomas Hood.

UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands, I saw the stream of Yarrow glide Along a bare and open valley, The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered, Through groves that had begun to shed Their golden leaves upon the pathways, My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer, Mid mouldering ruins low he lies; And death upon the braes of Yarrow Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured, From sign to sign, its stedfast course, Since every mortal power of Coleridge Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead, The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth: And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle, Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits, Or waves that own no curbing hand, How fast has brother followed brother, From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber Were earlier raised, remain to hear A timid voice, that asks in whispers, "Who next will drop and disappear?"

William Wordsworth.

THE LAND WHICH NO ONE KNOWS

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows Unto the sea where no wind blows, Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes The mingled wail of friends and foes, Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help you wretch, who goes With millions, from a world of woes, Unto the land which no one knows?

Though myriads go with him who goes, Alone he goes where no wind blows, Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows, And none can go for him who goes; None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes With millions, from a world of woes, Reunion seek with it or those?

Alone with God, where no wind blows, And Death, his shadow—doomed, he goes: That God is there the shadow shows.

O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows! And thou, O Land which no one knows! That God is all, His shadow shows.

Ebenezer Elliott

DEAR, BEAUTEOUS DEATH

THEY are all gone into the world of light, And I alone sit lingering here; Their very memory is fair and bright, And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast, Like stars upon some gloomy grove, Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed, After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory, Whose light doth trample on my days; My days, which are at best but dull and hoary, Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy Hope, and high Humility, High as the heavens above! These are your walks, and you have showed them me, To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just, Shining nowhere but in the dark, What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust, Could Man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know At first sight, if the bird be flown; But what fair well or grove he sings in now, That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb, Her captive flames must needs burn there; But when the hand that locked her up, gives room, She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of Eternal Life, and all Created glories under Thee! Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill My perspective still, as they pass; Or else remove me hence unto that hill Where I shall need no glass.

Henry Vaughan.

THE TEMPER

HOW should I praise Thee, Lord, how should my rhymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes
My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some forty heavens or more, Sometimes I peer above them all; Sometimes I hardly reach a score, Sometimes to Hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent, Those distances belong to Thee; The world's too little for Thy tent, A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou mete arms with man, that Thou dost stretch A crumb of dust from heaven to hell? Will great God measure with a wretch? Shall he Thy stature spell?

O, let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid, O, let me roost and nestle there; Then of a sinner Thou art rid, And I of hope and fear.

Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best: Stretch or contract me, Thy poor debtor; This is but tuning of my breast, To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust, Thy hands made both, and I am there; Thy power and love, my love and trust, Make one place everywhere.

George Herbert.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed, I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall, The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—A sunny phantom interlaced with shade; "Thanks be to heaven," in happy mood I said, "What sweeter aid my matins could befall Than this fair glory from the East hath made? What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all, To bid us feel and see! we are not free To say we see not, for the glory comes Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea; His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms; And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me With golden shadows to my secret rooms!"

Charles Tennyson Turner.

WHO IS AT MY WINDOW?

WHO is at my window? Who? Who? Who? Who? Who from my window! Go! Go! Who callis thair, sa lyke a strangeir? Go from my window! Go!

—Lord, I am hair, ane wretchit mortall, That for thy mercy dois cry and call Unto thee, my lord celestiall— See who is at my window, who?

Remember thy sin, and als thy smart, And als for thee what was my part, Remember the speir that thirlit my hart, And in at my dure thou sall go.

I ask na thing of thee thairfor, But lufe for lufe, to lay in stoir. Gif me thy hart, I ask no moir, And in at my dure thou sall go.

Who is at my window? Who? Go from my window! Go! Cry na mair thair, lyke ane strangeir, But in at my dure thou go!

From "Gude and Godly Ballets."

ST TERESA

THOU undaunted daughter of desires!

By all thy dower of lights and fires;

By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;

By all thy lives and deaths of love;

By thy large draughts of intellectual day,

And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;

By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,

By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;

By the full kingdom of that final kiss

That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His;

By all the Heaven thou hast in Him

(Fair sister of the seraphim!);

By all of Him we have in thee;

Leave nothing of myself in me.

Let me so read thy life that I

Unto all life of mine may die!

Richard Crashaw.

A SONG TO DAVID

OTHOU, that sit'st upon a throne, With harp of high majestic tone, To praise the King of kings:
And voice of heaven—ascending swell, Which, while its deeper notes excel, Clear as a clarion rings:

To bless each valley, grove, and coast, And charm the cherubs to the post Of gratitude in throngs; To keep the days on Zion's mount, And send the year to his account, With dances and with songs:

O servant of God's holiest charge, The minister of praise at large, Which thou may'st now receive; From thy blest mansion hail and hear, From topmost eminence appear To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean, Sublime, contemplative, serene, Strong, constant, pleasant, wise! Bright effluence of exceeding grace; Best man!—the swiftness and the race, The peril, and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown, From Samuel's horn, and God's renown, Which is the people's voice; For all the host, from rear to van, Applauded and embraced the man— The man of God's own choice. Valiant—the word, and up he rose— The fight—he triumphed o'er the foes Whom God's just laws abhor; And armed in gallant faith he took Against the boaster, from the brook, The weapons of the war.

Pious—magnificent and grand;
'Twas he the famous temple planned:
(The seraph in his soul)
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
And foremost to condole.

Good—from Jehuda's genuine vein, From God's best nature, good in grain, His aspect and his heart; To pity, to forgive, to save, Witness En-gedi's conscious cave, And Shimei's blunted dart.

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure, And love, which could itself inure To fasting and to fear— Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet, To smite the lyre, the dance complete, To play the sword and spear.

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme;
Notes from your exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix His musings, and above the six

The Sabbath-day he blessed; 'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned, And heavenly melancholy tuned, To bless and bear the rest.

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace, Remembering, when he watched the fleece, How sweetly Kidron purled— To further knowledge, silence vice, And plant perpetual paradise, When God had calmed the world.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy Satan, and all his powers that lie In sempiternal night; And hell, and horror, and despair Were as the lion and the bear To his undaunted might.

Constant—in love to God, THE TRUTH, Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—To Jonathan his friend Constant, beyond the verge of death; And Ziba, and Mephiboseth, His endless fame attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year; Man, soul, and angel, without peer, Priest, champion, sage, and boy; In armour, or in ephod clad, His pomp, his piety was glad; Majestic was his joy.

Wise—in recovery from his fall, Whence rose his eminence o'er all, Of all the most reviled; The light of Israel in his ways, Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise, And counsel to his child.

His muse, bright angel of his verse, Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce, For all the pangs that rage; Blest light still gaining on the gloom, The more than Michal of his bloom, The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source Of all things—the stupendous force On which all strength depends; From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes, All period, power, and enterprise Commences, reigns, and ends.

Angels—their ministry and meed, Which to and fro with blessings speed, Or with their citterns wait; Where Michael, with his millions, bows, Where dwell the seraph and his spouse, The cherub and her mate.

Of man—the semblance and effect Of God and love—the saint elect For infinite applause— To rule the land, and briny broad, To be laborious in his laud, And heroes in his cause.

The world—the clustering spheres he made; The glorious light, the soothing shade,

Dale, champaign, grove, and hill; The multitudinous abyss, Where Secrecy remains in bliss, And Wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flowers—of virtuous root; Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit, Choice gums and precious balm; Bless ye the nosegay in the vale, And with the sweetness of the gale Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl—e'en every beak and wing Which cheer the winter, hail the spring, That live in peace, or prey; They that make music, or that mock, The quail, the brave domestic cock, The raven, swan, and jay.

Of fishes—every size and shape, Which nature frames of light escape, Devouring man to shun; The shells are in the weedy deep, The shoals upon the surface leap, And love the glancing sun.

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task;
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
Nor yet the shades arouse:
Her cave the mining coney scoops;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
The kids exult and browse.

Of gems—their virtue and their price, Which hid in earth from man's device, Their darts of lustre sheathe; The jasper of the master's stamp, The topaz blazing like a lamp Among the mines beneath.

Blest was the tenderness he felt, When to his graceful harp he knelt, And did for audience call; When Satan with his hand he quelled, And in serene suspense he held The frantic throes of Saul.

His furious foes no more maligned, As he such melody divined, And sense and soul detained; Now striking strong, now soothing soft, He sent the goodly sounds aloft, Or in delight refrained.

The pillars of the Lord are seven, Which stand from earth to topmost heaven; His Wisdom drew the plan; His Word accomplished the design, From brightest gem to deepest mine, From Christ enthroned to man.

Alpha, the cause of causes, first In station, fountain, whence the burst Of light, and blaze of day; Whence bold attempt, and brave advance, Have motion, life, and ordinance, And heaven itself its stay.

Gamma supports the glorious arch On which angelic legions march, And is with sapphires paved; Thence the fleet clouds are sent adrift, And thence the painted folds that lift The crimson veil, are waved.

Eta with living sculpture breathes, With verdant carvings, flowery wreaths Of never-wasting bloom: In strong relief his goodly base All instruments of labour grace, The trowel, spade, and loom.

Next Theta stands to the Supreme—Who formed in number, sign, and scheme, The illustrious lights that are; And one addressed his saffron robe, And one clad in a silver globe, Held rule with every star.

Iota's tuned to choral hymns
Of those that fly, while he that swims
In thankful safety lurks;
And foot and chapitre and niche,
The various histories enrich
Of God's recorded works.

Sigma presents the social droves, With him that solitary roves, And man of all the chief; Fair on whose face, and stately frame, Did God impress the hallowed name, For ocular belief.

OMEGA! GREATEST and the BEST, Stands sacred to the days of rest,

In gratitude and thought; Which blessed the world upon his pole, And gave the universe his goal, And closed the infernal drought.

O DAVID, scholar of the Lord! Such is thy science, whence reward, And infinite degree; O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe! God's harp thy symbol, and thy type The lion and the bee!

There is but One who ne'er rebelled, But One by passion unimpelled, By pleasure unenticed; He from himself his semblance sent, Grand object of his own content, And saw the God in Christ.

Tell them, I Am, Jehovah said To Moses; while earth heard in dread, And, smitten to the heart, At once above, beneath, around, All Nature, without voice or sound, Replied, O Lord, Thou art.

Thou art—to give and to confirm, For each his talent and his term; All flesh thy bounties share: Thou shalt not call thy brother fool; The porches of the Christian school Are meekness, peace, and prayer.

Open and naked of offence, Man's made of mercy, soul, and sense: God armed the snail and wilk; Be good to him that pulls thy plough; Due food and care, due rest allow For her that yields thee milk.

Rise up before the hoary head, And God's benign commandment dread, Which says thou shalt not die: "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt," Prayed He, whose conscience knew no guilt; With whose blessed pattern vie.

Use all thy passions!—love is thine, And joy, and jealousy divine; Thine hope's eternal fort, And care thy leisure to disturb, With fear concupiscence to curb, And rapture to transport.

A& simply, as occasion asks;
Put mellow wine in seasoned casks;
Till not with ass and bull:
Remember thy baptismal bond;
Keep from commixtures foul and fond,
Nor work thy flax with wool.

Distribute; pay the Lord His tithe, And make the widow's heart-strings blithe; Resort with those that weep: As you from all and each expect, For all and each thy love direct, And render as you reap.

The slander and its bearer spurn, And propagating praise sojourn To make thy welcome last; Turn from old Adam to the new; By hope futurity pursue; Look upwards to the past.

Control thine eye, salute success, Honour the wiser, happier bless, And for thy neighbour feel; Grutch not of mammon and his leaven, Work emulation up to heaven By knowledge and by zeal.

O David, highest in the list Of worthies, on God's ways insist, The genuine word repeat; Vain are the documents of men, And vain the flourish of the pen That keeps the fool's conceit.

Praise above all—for praise prevails; Heap up the measure, load the scales, And good to goodness add: The generous soul her Saviour aids, But peevish obloquy degrades; The Lord is great and glad.

For Adoration all the ranks
Of angels yield eternal thanks,
And David in the midst;
With God's good poor, which, last and least,
In man's esteem, thou to thy feast,
O blessed bridegroom, bidst.

For Adoration seasons change, And order, truth, and beauty range, Adjust, attract, and fill: The grass the polyanthus cheques; And polished porphyry reflects, By the descending rill.

Rich almonds colour to the prime For Addrian; tendrils climb, And fruit-trees pledge their gems; And Ivis, with her gorgeous vest, Builds for her eggs her cunning nest, And bell-flowers bow their stems.

With vinous syrup cedars spout; From rocks pure honey gushing out, For Address of painting crowd the map Of nature; to the mermaid's pap The scaled infant clings.

The spotted ounce and playsome cubs Run rustling 'mongst the flowering shrubs, And lizards feed the moss; For Addrion beasts embark, While waves upholding halcyon's ark No longer roar and toss.

While Israel sits beneath his fig, With coral root and amber sprig The weaned adventurer sports; Where to the palm the jasmine cleaves, For Addrion mong the leaves The gale his peace reports.

Increasing days their reign exalt, Nor in the pink and mottled vault The opposing spirits tilt; And, by the coasting raider spyed, The silverlings and crusians glide For Adoration gilt.

Now labour his reward receives, For Addration counts his sheaves To peace, her bounteous prince; The nectarine his strong tint imbibes, And apples of ten thousand tribes, And quick peculiar quince.

The wealthy crops of whitening rice 'Mongst thyine woods and groves of spice For Addragon grow; And, marshalled in the fenced land, The peaches and pomegranates stand, Where wild carnations blow.

The laurels with the winter strive; The crocus burnishes alive Upon the snow-clad earth. For Address myrtles stay To keep the garden from dismay, And bless the sight from dearth.

The pheasant shows his pompous neck; And ermine, jealous of a speck, With fear eludes offence:
The sable, with his glossy pride, For Adoration is descried, Where frosts the waves condense.

The cheerful holly, pensive yew, And holy thorn, their trim renew; The squirrel hoards his nuts: All creatures batten o'er their stores, And careful nature all her doors For Address shuts.

For Addragon, David's Psalms Lift up the heart to deeds of alms; And he who kneels and chants Prevails his passions to control, Finds meat and medicine to the soul, Which for translation pants.

For Adoration, beyond match, The scholar bulfinch aims to catch The soft flute's ivory touch; And, careless on the hazel spray, The daring red-breast keeps at bay The damsel's greedy clutch.

For Adoration, in the skies, The Lord's philosopher espies The Dog, the Ram, the Rose; The planet's ring, Orion's sword; Nor is His greatness less adored In the vile worm that glows.

For Addration on the strings
The western breezes work their wings,
The captive ear to soothe—
Hark! 'tis a voice—how still, how small—
That makes the cataracts to fall,
Or bids the sea be smooth.

For Adoration, incense comes, From bezoar, and Arabian gums,

And from the civet's fur: But as for prayer, or ere it faints, Far better is the prayer of saints Than galbanum or myrrh.

For Addration, all the paths Of grace are open, all the baths Of purity refresh; And all the rays of glory beam To deck the man of God's esteem Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

For Addration, in the dome Of Christ the sparrows find a home; And on his olives perch: The swallow also dwells with thee, O man of God's humility, Within his Saviour's Church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes, And drops upon the leafy limes; Sweet Hermon's fragrant air: Sweet is the lily's silver bell, And sweet the wakeful tapers smell That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse with love intense, Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence; Sweet when the lost arrive: Sweet the musician's ardour beats, While his vague mind's in quest of sweets, The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter in all the strains of love, The language of thy turtle dove, Paired to thy swelling chord; Sweeter, with every grace endued, The glory of thy gratitude, Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed; Strong in pursuit the rapid glede, Which makes at once his game; Strong the tall ostrich on the ground; Strong through the turbulent profound Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball,—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air, And in the sea, the man of prayer, And far beneath the tide: And in the seat to faith assigned, Where ask is have, where seek is find, Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale; Beauteous the multitudes in mail, Ranked arms and crested heads: Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild, Walk, water, meditated wild, And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn; And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn, The virgin to her spouse: Beauteous the temple decked and filled, When to the heaven of heavens they build Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea, beauteous, more than these, The shepherd king upon his knees, For his momentous trust; With wish of infinite conceit, For man, beast, mute, the small and great, And prostrate dust to dust.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite; And precious, for extreme delight, The largess from the churl: Precious the ruby's blushing blaze, And alba's blest imperial rays, And pure cerulean pearl.

Precious the penitential tear; And precious is the sigh sincere, Acceptable to God: And precious are the winning flowers, In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers, Bound on the hallowed sod.

More precious that diviner part, Of David, even the Lord's own heart, Great, beautiful, and new: In all things where it was intent, In all extremes, in each event, Proof—answering true to true.

Glorious the sun in mid career; Glorious the assembled fires appear;

S.T.

Glorious the comet's train; Glorious the trumpet and alarm; Glorious the almighty stretched-out arm; Glorious the enraptured main.

Glorious the northern lights astream; Glorious the song, when God's the theme; Glorious the thunder's roar: Glorious hosanna from the den; Glorious the Catholic amen; Glorious the martyr's gore.

Glorious—more glorious is the crown Of Him, that brought salvation down By meekness, called thy Son; Thou that stupendous truth believed, And now the matchless deed's achieved, Determined, dared, and done.

Christopher Smart.

AH, MY DEAR ANGRY LORD!

AH, my dear angry Lord, Since Thou dost love, yet strike; Cast down, yet help afford; Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise; I will bewail, approve; And all my sour-sweet days I will lament, and love.

George Herbert.

VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright— The bridal of the earth and sky; The dew shall weep thy fall to-night; For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye, Thy root is ever in its grave, And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses, A box where sweet compacted lie, My music shows ye have your closes, And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul, Like seasoned timber, never gives; But though the whole world turn to coal, Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.

FROM "ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES"

NOW the winds are all composure, But the breath upon the bloom, Blowing sweet o'er each inclosure, Grateful offerings of perfume.

Tansy, calaminth and daisies On the river's margin thrive; And accompany the mazes Of the stream that leaps alive. . . .

Earth her vigour repossessing As the blasts are held in ward; Blessing heaped and pressed on blessing, Yield the measure of the Lord.

Beeches, without order seemly, Shade the flowers of annual birth, And the lily smiles supremely Mentioned by the Lord on earth.

Cowslips seize upon the fallow, And the cardamine in white, Where the corn-flowers join the mallow, Joy and health and thrift unite. . . .

Hark! aloud the blackbird whistles, With surrounding fragrance blest, And the goldfinch in the thistles Makes provision for her nest.

Even the hornet hives his honey, Bluecap builds his stately dome, And the rocks supply the coney With a fortress and a home. But the servants of their Saviour, Which with gospel-peace are shod, Have no bed but what the paviour Makes them in the porch of God.

Christopher Smart.

LAMENT FOR WALSINGHAM

(The shrine of the Virgin at Walsingham, in Norfolk, where many miracles were worked, was the dearly loved resort of the pious for four centuries, and profound grief was felt when in 1538, with the dissolution of the monasteries, the image of Our Lady of Walsingham was removed. The beautiful lament which is here given exists in the handwriting of Philip, Earl of Arundel, among the Rawlinson MSS., and has been printed by Hales and Furnivall.)

IN the wracks of Walsingham Whom should I choose But the Queen of Walsingham To be guide to my muse?

Then, thou Prince of Walsingham, Grant me to frame Bitter plaints to rue thy wrong, Bitter woe for thy name.

Bitter was it, Oh! to see The silly sheep Murdered by the ravening wolves While the shepherds did sleep!

Bitter was it, Oh! to view The sacred vine, Whiles the gardeners placed all close, Rooted up by the swine!

Bitter, bitter, Oh! to behold The grape to grow Where the walls of Walsingham So stately did show! Such were the works of Walsingham While she did stand:
Such are the wracks as now do show Of that holy land.

Level, level, with the ground The towers do lie, Which with their golden glittering tops Pierced once to the sky!

Where were gates no gates are now; The ways unknown, While the press of peers did pass While her fame was far blown.

Owls do scrike where the sweetest hymns Lately were sung; Toads and serpents hold their dens Where the palmers did throng.

Weep, weep, O Walsingham, Whose days are nights; Blessing turn to blasphemies, Holy deeds to despite!

Sin is where Our Lady sat; Heaven turned is to Hell; Satan sits where Our Lord did sway. Walsingham, Oh, farewell!

OF HUMAN LIFE

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,—
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubbles dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

Henry King.

THE DECEPTION

WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says, we shall be blessed
With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

John Dryden.

THE OLD STOIC

RICHES I hold in light esteem, And love I laugh to scorn; And lust of fame was but a dream, That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer That moves my lips for me Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear, And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal, 'Tis all that I implore; In life and death a chainless soul, With courage to endure.

Emily Brontë.

OH WEARISOME CONDITION OF HUMANITY

OH wearisome condition of Humanity!

Born under one law, to another bound:

Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity,

Created sick, commanded to be sound:

What meaneth Nature by these diverse Laws?

Passion and reason self-division cause:

Is it the mark or majesty of Power

To make offences that it may forgive?

Nature herself doth her own self deflower

To hate those errors she herself doth give.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

THE PROPHECY

(From " Prometheus Unbound.")

Chorus.

THOUGH Ruin now Love's shadow be, Following him, destroyingly, On Death's white and winged steed, Which the fleetest cannot flee, Trampling down both flower and weed, Man and beast, and foul and fair, Like a tempest through the air; Thou shalt quell the horseman grim, Woundless though in heart or limb.

Prometheus.

Spirits! how know ye this shall be?

Chorus.

In the atmosphere we breathe,
As buds grow red when the snow-storms flee,
From Spring gathering up beneath,
Whose mild winds shake the elder brake,
And the wandering herdsmen know
That the white-thorn soon will blow:
Wisdom, Justice, Love, and Peace,
When they struggle to increase,
Are to us as soft winds be
To shepherd boys, the prophecy
Which begins and ends in thee.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

FORTH, PILGRIM, FORTH!

THAT thee is sent receive in buxomnesse;
The wrastling for this world axeth a fal.
Her nis non hoom, her nis but wildernesse;
Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of thy stal!
Know thy contree! look up! thank God of al!
Hold the hye way, and lat thy gost thee lede,
And trouthe shal delivere, it is no drede.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

PEACE

MY Soul, there is a country Afar beyond the stars, Where stands a winged sentry All skilful in the wars. There, above noise and danger, Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles, And One born in a manger Commands the beauteous files. He is thy gracious Friend, And (O my Soul, awake!) Did in pure love descend To die here for thy sake. If thou canst get but thither, There grows the flower of Peace, The Rose that cannot wither, Thy fortress and thy ease. Leave then thy foolish ranges; For none can thee secure But One who never changes— Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Henry Vaughan,

MY FIRST VISION OF LIGHT

(In a Letter from Felpham, to Thomas Butts.)

TO my friend Butts I write My first vision of light, On the yellow sands sitting. The sun was emitting His glorious beams From Heaven's high streams. Over sea, over land, My eyes did expand Into regions of air, Away from all care; Into regions of fire, Remote from desire; The light of the morning Heaven's mountains adorning: In particles bright, The jewels of light Distinct shone and clear. Amazed and in fear I each particle gazed, Astonished, amazed: For each was a Man Human-formed. Swift I ran, For they beckoned to me, Remote by the sea, Saying: "Each grain of sand, Every stone on the land, Each rock and each hill, Each fountain and rill. Each herb and each tree, Mountain, hill, earth, and sea, Cloud, meteor, and star, Are men seen afar."

I stood in the streams
Of Heaven's bright beams,
And saw Felpham sweet
Beneath my bright feet,
In soft Female charms;
And in her fair arms
My Shadow I knew,
And my wife's Shadow too,
And my sister, and friend.
We like infants descend
In our Shadows on earth,
Like a weak mortal birth.

My eyes, more and more, Like a sea without shore, Continue expanding, The Heavens commanding: Till the jewels of light, Heavenly men beaming bright, Appeared as One Man, Who complacent began My limbs to enfold In His beams of bright gold; Like dross purged away All my mire and my clay. Soft consumed in delight, In His bosom sun-bright I remained. Soft He smiled, And I heard His voice mild, Saying: "This is My fold, O thou ram horned with gold, Who awakest from sleep On the sides of the deep. On the mountains around The roarings resound

Of the lion and wolf, The loud sea, and deep gulf. These are guards of My fold, O thou ram horned with gold!"

And the voice faded mild: I remained as a child; All I ever had known Before me bright shone: I saw you and your wife By the fountains of life. Such the vision to me Appeared on the sea.

William Blake.

AND NOW IN AGE I BUD AGAIN

AND now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O, my only Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

George Herbert.



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